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WE GREET WITH ENTHUSIASM the announcement that the Department of State has been working out a set of statutes designed to maintain American neutrality in case of war between other nations by modifying our present theory of neutral rights. This move comes at a moment when the United States is not involved in any immediately threatening conflict and the danger of war hangs over large areas of Europe and Asia. It is a strategic time to appeal to American caution and our traditional dislike of being dragged into other peoples' troubles. Certainly there is every argument on grounds of humanity and good sense to waive or suspend any commercial rights whatever, on land or on the high seas, in order to prevent war. Peace is better than trade—or even national pride. If a sane man starts down the street to go to market and finds himself cut off by a gang war or a riot, he does not push his way through and depend on the law to save him from embroilment or bodily attack. He goes around the block or ducks back home until the row is over. The people of the United States will, we are certain, support the State Department in any proposed changes in existing laws, however drastic, which will help to keep the country out of the next war. They have enough troubles without emulating that well-known hero Sam O'Day, who, it will be recalled, died defending his right of way.

WHILE THE PROGRAM for unemployment insurance drafted by the President's Advisory Council is a marked advance on the cumbersome Wagner-Lewis bill, it can scarcely be considered an adequate solution of the problem of insecurity in industrial employment. The feature of the new plan which provides that the federal government is to pay a subsidy to the States whose insurance laws conform to certain minimum standards is an improvement over the older scheme. It is also encouraging that the funds are to be raised exclusively by a tax on employers. On the other hand, the council's suggestions as to minimum standards are extremely unsatisfactory. Payments to unemployed workers are to begin after a two- to four-week interval, are to be 50 per cent of their regular pay, with a minimum of $15 a week, and are to run for twenty-five weeks. What is to happen to the worker after the twenty-five-week period is not stated. Possibly he is to be taken care of by a permanent public-works plan which has not yet been formulated. But is there any assurance that such will be the case? In its present form at least, it is evident that the new plan does not meet the problem of unemployment as we have known it during the past five years. There remains, moreover, the question of what shall be done for the twelve million persons who are now without work. The proposed scheme obviously cannot aid them until they have been given jobs. In fact, no plan which attempts merely to spread the "normal" risks of industry, such as seasonal and mild cyclic fluctuations, is sufficient today. What is needed is an all-embracing national program which will give adequate support to all persons unable to earn a living, whether because of sickness, accident, old age, or unemployment.

TO CALL the long-range program of the National Resources Board a "national plan" is only to add to the current confusion on economic policies. But if we cast aside this much-labored term, it is evident that the board has made an extremely valuable inventory of national assets and has added some useful recommendations regarding their exploitation. Much of the report is so general in its treatment as to have relatively little bearing on immediate problems, but at several points its recommendations give valuable insight into the probable course of New Deal policies. It is proposed, for example, that the government purchase submarginal lands at the rate of about 5,000,000 acres a year for fifteen years in order to obtain "more effective use of areas than is possible under private ownership." The land thus purchased is to be added to the national and State forests and to the nation's park systems. This is planning of a type that presents no great difficulties under capitalism. But the contradiction which is always met in the effort to instil order into the essential chaos of the capitalist system is illustrated by another of the board's suggestions. It indorses the subsistence-homestead movement as a permanent national policy,

but at the same time urges that no steps be taken to facilitate the movement of any considerable number of unemployed persons from urban areas into commercial agriculture. While this represents a somewhat ingenious attempt to expand agricultural production without depressing prices, it implies a wholly artifical distinction, impossible to maintain. Somewhat the same criticism might be made of the proposal to initiate a permanent public-works administration, but here the issue is sharply drawn between the interests of a few individuals and those of society as a whole. Planning will not be easy, but there is no other way out.

THE NATIONAL CRIME CONFERENCE, which met in Washington early in December, offered on its adjournment a nine-point program in the interest of more and better law enforcement. Although the resolutions considered various aspects of the high incidence of crime in the United States, they all came to more or less the same conclusion: that our knowledge of the causes of crime and our treatment of criminals are inadequate and it would be a good idea to improve them. Thus legislative committees were urged to consider the problem of criminal justice, parole boards were besought to study the question of parole, and a subsequent conference was projected further to discuss the various issues involved. About the only positive and specific reform proposed was improvement in the sanitary conditions of local jails. In other words, during an entirely well-intentioned and serious-minded conference, at which dozens of persons were delivered of thousands of words in speeches which went on steadily from morning till night, it became clear that nobody knows much about the causes of crime and everybody has a different idea of what to do about it. As with sin, however, we are all against it, and it is a happy subject for popular disapproval at a time when there are a lot of difficult questions about which many persons cannot make up their minds.

HERE AND THERE in the conference the ancient attitude of "stamping out" and "bearing down on" the criminal was heard. J. Edgar Hoover, of the Department of Justice, urged the "extermination" of those "filthy" beings who prey on society; Peter J. Siccardi, president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, was inclined to believe that third offenders should be incarcerated for life; and Miss Dorothy Frooks, unsuccessful candidate for Congress from New York, proposed the elimination of convict baseball teams on the ground that convicts "should be denied the right of society while serving sentence." Directly in line with this point of view, which every modern penologist distrusts, the New York Police Commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, has issued his unlawful and stupid order directing his men to "muss up" persons arrested on suspicion of having committed a crime. "Draw quickly," says Mr. Valentine, "shoot accurately, make it disagreeable for these men, make them leave the city, make them afraid of arrest. . . . I will protect you and the District Attorney will protect you. . . . We don't want police brutality, but there is only one way to stop these criminals." As the first exhibit in the campaign to muss up without being brutal, the police brought Leo Byrne, alleged to have been caught red-handed in robbing a till, before Magistrate Greenspan with a black eye, a swollen cheek, a bloodied nose, and other probable lacerations. It would seem hardly necessary to point out that Commissioner Valentine's order, coming with a promise of protection for police lawlessness from a supposedly responsible official, is a much graver offense than the petty larceny and assault of which Byrne is accused. The Commissioner has risen from the ranks and he had the reputation of being a tough cop himself. Only when we eliminate the tough-cop mentality from our treatment of criminals shall we even begin to reach a civilized attitude on one of the most pressing problems of modern society.

THE ITALIAN-ABYSSINIAN dispute is likely to be a more basic test of the efficacy of the League's peace machinery than the Hungarian-Jugoslav affair which has just been settled. In place of a controversy between two minor nations, we have a dispute between a great Power and a country whose existence is scarcely known to the average newspaper reader. The issue itself is relatively unimportant, but it is typical of the sort of dispute that is constantly arising. A skirmish occurred between border patrols of the two nations, growing out of uncertainty regarding the title of a few score square miles of desert. Each side accuses the other of aggression in precipitating the conflict. While Italy has not refused definitely to submit to arbitration, Mussolini's letter to the League gave clear indication of his intention of forcing a direct settlement, a process in which Italy, of course, has every advantage. This is a challenge which the League can ill afford to ignore if it desires to retain any of the prestige which it has gained in recent weeks.

FRAGMENTARY REPORTS from Hongkong indicate that the main body of the Chinese Red Army has broken through the blockade imposed by the joint forces of Nanking and Canton and has penetrated the province of Kweichow, where a Communist army under Ho Lung has been operating for some months. Should these reports be confirmed, it would mean that the Soviet troops had covered more than half the distance on their dramatic trek to Szechuan. As a result of the Communists' success, the amicable understanding which had just been concluded between Chiang Kai-shek and the Canton militarists appears to be seriously threatened, each faction seeking to pin responsibility for the Reds' escape on the other. Some light may be thrown on the paucity of Chinese news here by a recent letter to a correspondent from the New York *Times* which explains that paper's inadequate coverage by the circumstance that its China correspondent had been "on vacation for the past three months." The vacation of this particular correspondent is apparently at an end, however, for a recent dispatch under his name ascribed the abduction and murder of two American missionaries to "Communist-bandits," though the nearest known body of the Red Army is from 150 to 200 miles distant and there is no authentic record of a foreigner ever having been killed by Communist troops.

DESPITE REPORTED DISSATISFACTION among farmers with the AAA program for restricting cotton acreage, nine cotton producers out of ten seem to have voted for continuance of the Bankhead Act, which limits the cotton crop. Only two States, Oklahoma and California, have failed to give the necessary two-thirds' majority for the plan. Since the farmers have tended to plant their best lands and

to let the less fertile fields lie idle, we shall doubtless see again a larger yield per acre than before the limitation went into effect, with a corresponding penalty for the better farmers in the form of a tax on their surplus. It is said that a considerable percentage of the affirmative vote was contributed by the owners of small farms, themselves exempted from limitation, who voted for restriction for their more prosperous neighbors. Whatever the causes of the sweeping reaffirmation of the restriction program, the results in terms of our foreign trade will be the same as before. The United States formerly produced about 70 per cent of the world's cotton; last year it produced only 41 per cent. And there is no reason to suppose that the foreign countries which because of our crop restriction learn to enlarge their production will willingly yield us the market again when we have got back to "normal." The whole program offers one of the more striking inconsistencies in an unplanned economy; although there are millions of persons without an extra shirt to call their own, we cut the extra shirts off at the source instead of trying to improve our system of distribution so that everybody can have more.

THE CAREFULLY NURTURED MYTH of prosperity that once hung about the name of Ford and the American automobile industry officially died in the first sessions of the hearings held in Detroit under the direction of Leon Henderson, head of the research and planning division of the NRA, in an Administration attempt to find a way of leveling out peaks and valleys of automobile production and employment. The witnesses were workers and not publicity agents, which perhaps accounts for the realistic tone of the hearings. One Ford employee testified that the peak for Ford wages was reached in 1929. The daily average was from $6 to $10 a day but the annual wage, even in that year of prosperity to end prosperity, was only $1,470. At present the daily wage is $5 but the yearly income is $650. This same witness touched also upon technological matters. When Model T gave way to Model A, 15 per cent of Mr. Ford's employees lost their jobs. An employee of the Buick Motor Company told of workers leaving their jobs in the factory because they could feed their families more adequately on relief. (Mr. Hopkins's order wiping out the minimum wage on relief projects will do much to put a stop to this.) And F. J. Dillon, A. F. of L. organizer, introduced a bitter and disrespectful note by pointing out that although the Chrysler Corporation made profits of $10,000,000 in the first nine months of 1934, annual wages of from $400 to $600 are common among its employees. The A. F. of L. program proposed a basic thirty-hour week and a basic minimum annual wage of $1,500. The Society of Designing Engineers and the Mechanics' Educational Society of America were less humble in their demands, suggesting an annual wage of $2,000 for production workers and $3,600 for designers. Meanwhile, the forthright statement of Francis Biddle that the National Labor Relations Board stands ready to enter the automobile controversy in view of labor's distrust and contempt for the Wolman board, offers the chance of a real battle whose outcome is not fixed in advance. If it takes place, it will at least serve to show up the famous automobile settlement of Mr. Roosevelt—a slick streamline model designed to cut down employee resistance—which the Wolman board has so far failed to sell to the workers.

THE RECENT CONFERENCE on civil liberties held under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union was the first attempt on the part of the twenty-two participating groups to get together with government representatives to draft a program of legislation which would be promptly and effectively presented to the House and the Senate as soon as they should begin their sessions. Various aspects of the issues of freedom of opinion and organization, and of resistance to those who repress civil rights, were discussed. The question of radio, press, and post-office censorship, the burning issue of labor organization and collective bargaining, the immigration laws, particularly with respect to the deportation of aliens, federal policies toward unemployed demonstrations, and the rights of relief workers to organize were all on the agenda. Senator Costigan of Colorado made an effective plea for a federal anti-lynching bill, which may have a good chance of passage after the unspeakably brutal torture and murder of the Negro Claude Neal in Florida last October; and a resolution was adopted urging the right of share-croppers in the South to organize in protest against their living and working conditions. In general it was found that the government representatives were willing and even eager to cooperate with the members of the conference in pressing forward legislation, and it was not unusual to note Administration agents in favor of modification of the law to the end that civil rights might be more effectively guaranteed and upheld.

IN MARKED CONTRAST to the civil-liberties conference, in which an honest attempt was made to gain the cooperation of the federal government in upholding the American bill of rights, is a blast from the United States Chamber of Commerce in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Combating Subversive Activities in the United States." This document recounts the alleged attempts of various groups—most particularly the Communist Party—to overthrow the American government by violence, and offers a number of measures intended to suppress these dangerous plots. The proposals include a sedition law which would make membership in the Communist Party a crime, a law denying use of the mails to "subversive" matter, including Communist newspapers and periodicals, the regulation of the admission of aliens by "a treaty obligation on the part of the country of his origin to take him back at any time if ordered deported from the United States," the strengthening of our naturalization laws to exclude Communists or members of other "subversive" organizations, and federal legislation patterned after the new British sedition bill, which would prohibit "attempts to incite disaffection or insubordination among the armed forces of the United States." In other words, the Chamber of Commerce is proposing a red-hunt of gigantic proportions, which would presumably result in the incarceration or deportation of every radical in the United States, to the number, according to this worthy organization, of more than half a million, an estimate which the Communist Party must find flattering. The proponents of free opinion and free organization in this country, therefore, will find themselves confronted, when they ask Congress for appropriation and necessary legislation, by the proponents of suppression and reaction. They should be warned in advance and should fortify themselves for a struggle to preserve democracy against the forces of fascism.

Nationalize the Arms Industry!

THE most charitable thing that can be said of President Roosevelt's action in summoning a special committee to prepare legislation for "equalizing the burdens of war" is that it was untimely and extremely ill-advised. Although on the surface it appears as a move to regulate and control the armament industry, no step could have been better calculated to defeat that end. The Senate Munitions Investigating Committee, under the able chairmanship of Gerald P. Nye, is just finishing the second three weeks' session of its remarkable inquiry. Its task is by no means completed although the initial appropriation of $50,000 is almost exhausted. On the basis of the startling disclosures which have been made in these preliminary sessions, the committee feels justified in asking the Senate for an appropriation large enough to make possible a still more thorough investigation of the arms industry and its financial associates. The committee also takes the position that no solution should be sought until the facts are fully in hand, and that then the legislation should be drafted by the one group which has an intimate knowledge of the problems.

A review of some of the evidence brought out by the committee this past week is sufficient to indicate the undiminished importance of its work. Scores of corporations, including several of the largest in the country, were shown to have made fantastic profits from the World War, both before and after the entry of the United States into the conflict. In some cases these were as high as 800 per cent. Such instances were, of course, exceptional, but many of the larger companies reported profits of 40 to 50 per cent. Similarly, 181 individuals were listed who received incomes in excess of a million dollars during at least one of the war years. Many of these persons were closely connected with the various munitions industries, including six different members of the du Pont family. The committee also introduced evidence indicating that the American chemical industry worked in close harmony with similar concerns in Great Britain and Germany in developing the munitions business. It showed that the sale of war materials to Japan had been approved by the United States War and Navy departments on the ground that such transactions would aid the American espionage service. And it revealed that the American armament manufacturers had frequently resorted to bribery and graft in order to dispose of their products in foreign countries.

If public opinion has been even partially awakened to the menace of the arms traffic, the credit belongs almost exclusively to Senator Nye and his committee. They have tackled an extremely difficult job and done extraordinarily well with it, despite the meagerness of their appropriation. Never has such an opportunity existed to deal a crushing blow to the war system and those who thrive upon it. It would be ironical if the sum total of action taken as a result of the committee's indefatigable work should be the adoption of the proposals made by Bernard Baruch before the War College in 1922, or the very similar recommendations which he laid before President Hoover's War Policies Commission in 1931. Only last June Mr. Baruch reiterated his belief in the desirability of recapturing "all profits in bulk made by industries engaged in war supplies, above a small and reasonable return on the moneys invested." He also made it clear that he was not making this suggestion because he was opposed to large profits, but because of fear that civilian morale might be undermined if profiteers were unchecked and that a recurrence of war inflation might lead to a collapse of the capitalist economy. In other words, Mr. Baruch is primarily concerned with strengthening the national defense and averting, if he can, the downfall of capitalism.

Since *The Nation* is not interested in either of these objectives, it finds itself quite out of sympathy with Mr. Baruch's modest program for "taking the profits out of war." The assumption that all man power and all capital should be drafted by the state in time of war is dangerous because it implies that war is at least sometimes justified and that individuals have no rights above those of the government. The fact that Mr. du Pont and other leaders of the munitions industry have declared themselves in favor of this plan does not increase its attractiveness in our eyes. As Senator Nye has so well said, it is as if Dillinger and Capone should recommend plans for combating crime.

The alternative is the total abolition of private manufacture of munitions of war and the strict control of all subsidiary industries. Several governments, including France, Poland, Denmark, and Spain, advocated such a course during the early stages of the Disarmament Conference, but it was opposed by the United States. Two objections have been made to this plan—one trivial and the other serious. Armament manufacturers declare that the destruction of private industry would cripple the national defense. This contention is based, however, on the assumption that the "defense" of the United States would again necessitate our sending an army of three or four million men overseas. Actual defense of American soil would require a small mobile army of no more than a few hundred thousand men, which could easily be supplied with arms by government arsenals.

The second objection is more disturbing. Many of the small nations have opposed the elimination of the private production of munitions on the ground that it would weaken them against the great Powers. Doubtless this is true, and some countries now without arms might manufacture their own munitions. But this danger is infinitely smaller than that inherent in the private manufacture of arms, even under drastic supervision. At the hearings before the Nye committee it has been shown that the armament firms have repeatedly been able to defy all efforts to restrict their activities. Regulation and control are bound to be farcical as long as the industry remains in the hands of international buccaneers spurred on by the lure of high profits. Nationalization of the arms industry alone will not remove the basic causes of international friction and war, but it is the only way to correct the flagrant abuses which have been revealed by the Nye committee's investigation. That it will be difficult to achieve, despite Lammot du Pont's assertion that his company's profits on military explosives are only 2 per cent of its total profits, goes without saying. For that reason the inquiry must not be allowed to lag.

Devil's Advocate

DONALD RICHBERG'S appointment as general counsel of the NRA was hailed at the time as a long step toward the reconstruction of our economic order. Was he not the friend of organized labor, the legal brains of the Railway Brotherhoods? Lifted to responsibility and vested with power, Mr. Richberg almost immediately broke with his past. Since then he has exerted endless ingenuity in contriving one argument after another to disprove the right of trade unions to profit by their guaranty of collective bargaining. In less than two years he has emerged as the spokesman of our most reactionary employers: the lords of iron and steel, the automobile manufacturers, the newspaper publishers.

Although it may not be generally recalled, Mr. Richberg's record of sabotage goes back to the very beginnings of the National Industrial Recovery Act. When Section 7-a came up for debate in the Senate, the Finance Committee recommended tacking on an ingenious proviso that the statute must not be construed so as to compel any change in "existing satisfactory relationships" between employers and their employees. Fortunately, after vigorous debate, the proviso was defeated; but not before its sponsors had proclaimed that it had the approval of Mr. Richberg, who regarded it as a constructive contribution to the theory of collective bargaining—this joker which would have sanctioned company unionism and prevented trade unions from claiming recognition as a legal right.

No sooner was the NRA set up than Mr. Richberg began actively to collaborate with that firm champion of the labor movement, General Johnson. Their theme was twofold: it was not part of the government's duty to promote the organization of workers in trade unions; it was not part of the government's duty to insist that the labor provisions of particular codes should be determined by collective bargaining. Section 7-a, they maintained again and again, created abstract rights of freedom which the NRA would compel employers to respect. But let no one suppose that the NRA would lend a helping hand to the trade unions in their struggle for recognition and status.

Soon afterward the National Labor Board began its career. Honestly if ineffectively the board sought to safeguard employees in the free choice of representatives, to protect union workers against interference, coercion, and restraint, and to apply the idea that collective bargaining aimed at the execution of collective agreements. Relying on a simple theory of Section 7-a, the board called for elections, affirmed the doctrine of majority rule, and came out for the recognition of representative trade unions. Messrs. Richberg and Johnson were quick to rush to the defense of the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Iron and Steel Institute, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and the other active resisters. They poured forth a steady stream of "interpretations," each timed so as to obfuscate, if not to contradict, some general principle which the Wagner board had just announced. Trade-union lawyer though he had been, Mr. Richberg lost no opportunity to provide anti-union employers with legal equipment by which they might duck and dodge, evade and sidestep the obligations of the statute.

He has performed the same function, single-handed, since the creation of the National Labor Relations Board and the noisy retirement of General Johnson. First came the Houde decision, in which the board, then under the chairmanship of Lloyd Garrison, reaffirmed in one judicial sweep the elaborate structure of principles so painfully erected by its predecessor. Promptly Mr. Richberg issued another interpretation, confusing and equivocal and intended, as before, to protect big business against the force of Section 7-a. But Mr. Richberg's most spectacular contribution to the task of impeding unionism was his action in the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* case. Here for the first time in the history of the New Deal a government official appeared before the board, now headed by Francis Biddle, in the role of public advocate for an employers' association bent upon the destruction of an infant trade union.

Mr. Richberg must long since have lost much of his original value to American big business. He can no longer pose as a labor sympathizer of high and open mind who takes the long view and the constructive view. But he has not ceased to be a menace to the continued existence of an independent labor movement in the United States. At its forthcoming session Congress will address itself to the task of redrafting Section 7-a in the form of permanent legislation. If Mr. Richberg has an important share in the proceedings, the labor movement will inevitably find itself enmeshed in legal restraints and disabilities from which it might take many years of bitter struggle to cut loose.

The Spanish Conquest of Spain

UNDER-COVER reports from Spain give us a belated picture of the terrorist methods by which José Maria Gil Robles and Premier Lerroux crushed the workers' revolution in October. We have had to wait for such private accounts because most of the newspaper stories printed during those weeks of warfare were either shamefully lacking in substance or gave a grossly distorted view. Indeed, at the height of the war in Asturias certain pro-government correspondents began to concoct atrocity stories, tales of crime attributed to the revolutionary miners. Presumably they hoped to forestall or anticipate true accounts of the government's military campaign. But the authorities were shrewd enough to squash this atrocity talk: better not bring up the subject; somebody might investigate, and investigation would reveal the government's own guilt.

One newspaperman tried it. He had a great deal of information, documented beyond question. He was shot down in cold blood by an officer of the Spanish Foreign Legion. Other newspapermen in Asturias knew the facts as well as he, but they dared not put them into print. For it is a story of invasion that belongs in the Dark Ages. The legionnaires, mostly Moroccans, simply conquered Asturias, which means that they sacked and burned the villages and tortured the inhabitants, choosing to hold every man, woman, and child responsible for the resistance put up by the miners.

And now the Spanish government is about to bestow on the army and the police honors, medals, and cash benefits out

of the millions donated by the grateful banks, industries, and other large businesses of Spain—among them the International Telephone and Telegraph Company and American banks. These concerns are grateful because more than 10,000 political prisoners are now in Spanish jails—so many that ships and schools and convents have had to be made into improvised prisons; because among these prisoners may be found the cream of artistic, literary, and professional Spain; because trade-union leaders are being shot or committed to "perpetual chains"; because the Socialist, Communist, and other left-wing groups and parties are now underground, bitterly persecuted; because the government is preparing to dissolve the great Socialist Union General de Trabajadores; because newspapers are censored, and civil liberties have been completely blotted out by prolonged martial law; and finally, because Catalonia has lost the democratic gains it had made as an "autonomous province" and is being ruled like a conquered colony.

In Barcelona most of the members of the board of patrons of the university are in jail, along with the members of the Catalan government, representatives in the Catalan parliament, councilors of the municipal corporation, Catalan representatives in the Spanish parliament, writers, teachers, artists. There are 800 of them imprisoned in the steamship Uruguay, fifty-five in second-class cabins and the rest in the holds. Ex-Premier Manuel Azaña, "the Man of the Republic," was put by himself in a warship, consigned to the mercies of the high-ranking officers who have been out to "get" him ever since he made certain reforms to eliminate graft and politics from the Spanish army.

Among the men on the Uruguay are Professor Pompeu Fabra, the grand old man of the Catalan cultural renaissance, a linguist and a literary leader, and president of the P. E. N. in Catalonia; Dr. Pere Bosc i Gimpera, internationally known archaeologist and rector of the university; Dr. Josep Kirau, jurist, editor of *Revista Juridica* and contributor to international law journals; Dr. A. Trias, one of the foremost surgeons of Barcelona; and Dr. J. M. Batista i Roca, formerly assistant professor in the faculty of philosophy. In other words, the Inquisition has ceased to be a menacing ghost and is now fully reincorporated. No protest is heard, in Spain or elsewhere, from any but republican, intellectual, and left-wing political sources. The entire clergy is enthusiastically behind the present government, along with the military chiefs, the big landowners, and big capital as a whole. A concordat is now being negotiated with the Vatican, but it may be doubted that the restoration of civil liberties with justice and mercy for all Spanish citizens is listed among the conditions required by the Pope. Gil Robles represents in politics the Jesuit group that edits the paper *El Debate*—today talking in a spirit of righteous rejoicing—and controls the landlords' party, Acción Popular. He is, in fact, virtual dictator of Spain—and the man who insists on death penalties when President Alcalá Zamora hesitates.

Outside of Spain certain outraged voices have already been raised. A British commission sent to investigate conditions was got rid of by a "patriotic riot" nicely stage-managed. Here, Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos have called attention to the fact that Luis Quintanilla, probably Spain's foremost artist, is behind bars in Madrid. Sooner or later Gil Robles will have to reckon with a wave of protest spreading throughout the world.

They Lisped in Numbers

BURTON RASCOE and Groff Conklin did an interesting job when they resurrected from the pages of *Smart Set* a volume of early pieces by writers who have since attained a wider fame. Now E. B. White of the *New Yorker* has gone them one better with an equally impressive list of well-known men and women whose even earlier work appeared—believe it or not—in the pages of *St. Nicholas.* Improbable as it may seem, the creator of our most "sophisticated" magazine was, in his more innocent days, himself a member of that St. Nicholas League whose young members competed with words and pictures for a graduated series of medals, and so, it seems, were a good many others now out in the great world. Perhaps Mr. White woke up in the middle of some night gripped by the fear that he was only a leaguer at heart and the pet of Albert Bigelow Paine, its erstwhile mentor; but others bear the burden of an equally innocent past. In 1904, for instance, Robert Edmund Jones got a medal for a drawing of My Playmate and wrote a nice letter of acknowledgment (very cautious with its "shalls" and its quotation marks) in which he declares, "I shall always keep it, and shall always look back with pleasure to the time 'when my first picture was printed.'" One Ringold W. Lardner just managed to squeeze into the Honor Roll for April, 1900, with a puzzle, but a certain lady who may be recognized under the name of E. Vincent Millay was a frequent contributor, and among some two score others appear such future personages as Conrad William Faulkner, Kay Boyle, Elinor Hoyt (Wylie), Deems Taylor, Stella Benson, Peggy Bacon, Edmund Wilson, and Lee Simonson.

William Rose Benét, Elinor Wylie, and John Macy passed, by what does not seem an especially easy transition, from the St. Nicholas League to the *Smart Set.* Even more remarkable is the fact that the *New Yorker* of today seems to be written largely by persons who can have been prepared only rather indirectly for their present duties by the innocent amusements suggested by *St. Nicholas.* Mr. White, for instance, had the cold comfort of learning that his drawing The Love of a Mother Rabbit would have been printed "if space permitted." On the other hand, Sigmund Spaeth landed a poem about spring; Lois Long was a leading juvenile photographer; John C. Mosher also did wonders with a camera; and Robert Benchley was elevated to the Honor Roll in 1903 for a drawing entitled The Dollie's Lesson. There was, however, no gossip column in *St. Nicholas,* and so Mr. Woollcott was of course absent.

The moral seems to be, first, that the "little magazines" are not the only nurseries of talent, and, second, that genius is not too much influenced by the kind of education it gets. *St. Nicholas* was safe and sane and thoroughly nice. It did not teach its young aspirants to "think"—at least not about anything more dangerous than Spring, Where I Spend My Vacation, and Kindness to Animals. But what does Mr. Paine, from his distant abode, think of his young charges now? Surely that twig which was to become William Faulkner was not very successfully inclined in any safe and sane direction. We are not, unfortunately, told what his contributions were about, but it is easy to guess that there was not a murder, a rape, or even a soupçon of amentia in the lot.

Issues and Men

The Russian "Purging"

THE worst phase of the killing in Russia of sixty-six persons on December 5 and nine more on December 12, on the charge of being connected with the assassination of M. Kirov, is that it lowers the Soviet leaders to the level of Adolf Hitler. What indictment could be more severe than that? If we are to excuse the Bolsheviks for this massacre we must excuse Hitler for his "purge" of June 30. Both deeds were execrable and indefensible. Both prove the fear of the men responsible and the instability of their governments. The Soviets have been a going concern for seventeen years; they have boasted that their's was the most stable government in Europe. Yet here they are killing with the same ferocity that distinguishes the Hitler government, which has yet to reach its second birthday. They have asked the world to accept their experiment as the greatest humanitarian undertaking of all time—bent upon bestowing the immeasurable boon of economic and social liberty upon the great masses of Russia. After seventeen years of this altruistic experiment they are so far from having convinced all their people of the wisdom and unselfishness of their actions that they, who have boasted of their abolition of the death penalty in cases of murder, find themselves compelled to resort once more to the drum-head court martial followed by immediate execution. As if the terror ever got you anywhere!

Nothing that has happened in recent years has damaged more the Russian plan for the redemption of society. One is reminded of Stalin's reply to Lady Astor when she asked him in 1931 how long his government was going to go on killing people. His answer was, "As long as it is necessary." Necessary? What right has a single man, Russian or German or Italian or anyone else, to judge of the necessity of "judicial" murder? For years now we have been told that all this display of brute force in Russia was a mere passing phase. At first it was a part of the "unavoidable" destruction of the aristocrats and reactionaries, the ending of the "white" menace. Next it was said to be necessary because disloyal elements within the Bolshevik party had somehow got a foothold in that otherwise spotless organization, precisely as Hitler explained that the bulk of his Storm Troops were pure and undefiled when he defended his murder of the "perverts" and "traitors" who a week before had been his loyal intimates, exemplars for all the German youths to follow. Next the Russians explained that they had to kill kulaks in order to "encourage the others"; and now the reason is that, after seventeen years, disloyalty and counter-revolution are raising their heads again.

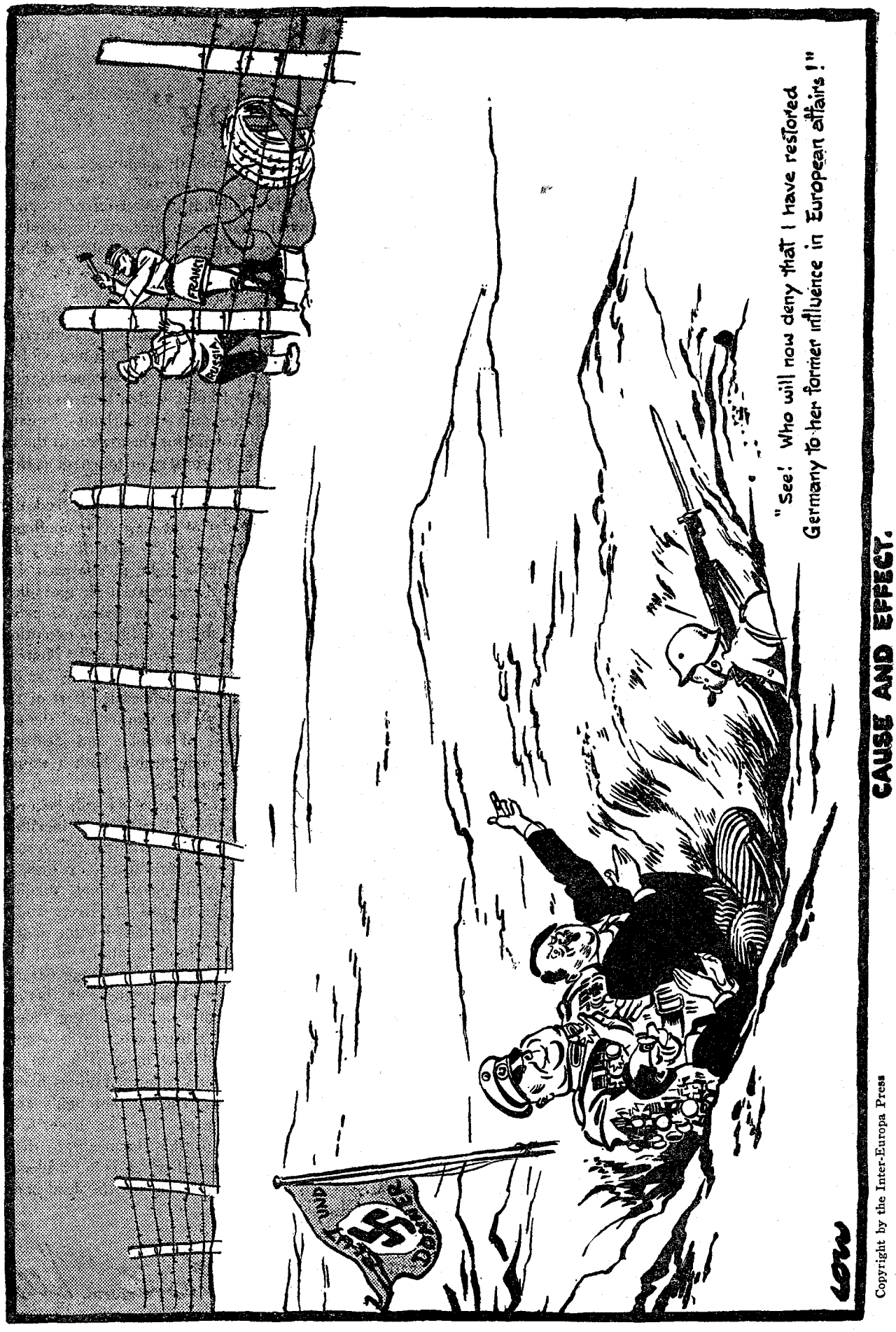
A "passing phase"? I can see no reason why it should not be a passing phase for years to come. Once you have a government which relies upon vindictive, wholesale murder to maintain itself, not only against armed enemies but against dissentients in its own ranks, the blood-letting is apt to go on indefinitely. Murder breeds murder, whether its authors are gangsters or the rulers of a state. Think how wholesale have been the punishments in Russia. In August, 1933, 12,000 prisoners at work on a single canal were pardoned, while 59,000 others received commutations of sentence—71,000 prisoners were thus at work on this one job, to say nothing of jail after jail full of other offenders and the hundreds of thousands, not to say millions, banished to Siberia. That is not an exaggeration. When I debated the merits of democracy and communism the other day with Michael Gold, he told the audience that one million kulaks had been sent to Siberia, and with characteristic Communist logic he declared that all these exilings and all the slaughtering done in Russia were "flea-bite violence." Flea-bite violence! No living being can fully visualize or adequately describe the suffering of those pitiful kulak exiles, torn from their homes, often from their families, and sent without adequate clothing or equipment or food to fend for themselves in the wastes and snows of Siberia, to live in misery or to perish as the case may be.

Mr. Gold declared also that the sixty-six killings could be matched by the murder of at least sixty unoffending strikers in the United States since the first of the year. When did two wrongs ever make a right, or one excuse the other? And what comparison is there between the sporadic killing of strikers here by lawless officials, or police, or private detectives, or deputy sheriffs, and the deliberate executions of men and women by the Russian government? None whatever, of course. But to your Communist the one set of murders is transcendently wicked, the deliberate effort of the capitalists to terrorize and enslave the worker, and the other is the wise and just self-defense of a noble and idealistic government. To me both are indefensible, both a stain upon the honor of the respective countries.

I am old-fashioned, of course. I still believe in moral laws, in certain moral imponderables and inevitabilities. I still believe that a tyrannical government which seeks to hold itself in power by wholesale brutalities, exilings, concentration camps, and midnight killings is simply digging its own grave, precisely as did the tyrants of Greece and Rome, of the Middle Ages. For many reasons I want to see the Russian experiment go on. The Communist ideal has been in the world since the days of Jesus, and long before. I have felt that it ought to be tried somewhere on this globe, since no other system of government is satisfying those who live under it, so that we could learn whether it is a practicable and just way of life, and how much it has to give to the rest of the world. Now those latest killings have made me doubt that it will last long enough thoroughly and fairly to try out the Communist theory. For I am never to be won for the doctrine that the end justifies the means, or that that government can purify the world which is but a blood-cemented edifice erected upon the sufferings or the dead bodies of vast multitudes.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by Low


FRANCE
RUSSIA
"See! Who will now deny that I have restored Germany to her former influence in European affairs!"
CAUSE AND EFFECT.
Low

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Father Coughlin

I. The Wonder of Self-Discovery

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE story of Father Coughlin is as essentially modern as that of Henry Ford. He is a man who developed something for the first time and is a national personage in consequence. He did not invent the radio; neither did Ford invent the gasoline engine. He developed the possibilities of the radio as a source of power for himself, or as he would put it, for his ideas. But if not an inventor, he was a discoverer. He discovered himself, a new person shaped and vastly reinforced by the radio.

The story, then, is of the development of the radio as an instrument of personal propaganda, and still more of the wonder of Father Coughlin's self-discovery. He did not dream of it during his humble boyhood. It did not occur to him even when, as an unknown priest, he first persuaded a Detroit radio station to broadcast his Sunday sermons, and later his afternoon addresses for children. It dawned on him with a faint light when, after an address in which he commented fiercely on the social aspects of the depression which had just begun, he received his first mailbag of echoing letters. He had been broadcasting long enough to count as a veteran, a pioneer who was building up his parish without looking far beyond its confines. He had a local reputation and had made an enterprising record for a young priest. Then that first rainstorm of letters fell upon his consciousness and woke him up to what he could be. He tested out the miraculous power; it was real and it was growing. And from then until last summer Father Coughlin was discovering and still discovering his own personality as it was being revealed to him by the radio and by the power it brought him from its vast audience. The story naturally divides into two phases, of which the first, that of self-discovery, ended last summer. By then the new Father Coughlin had been created. And he founded the National League for Social Justice and prepared for the second phase, in which the radio is to be only a means to an end. The end is a life of action.

This modern story is no less modern for having its origin in the precincts of the oldest Christian church. In 1925 Rome canonized a young French nun who had died in 1897 at the age of twenty-four, and called her St. Theresa of the Little Flower and the Child Jesus. Shortly before her death a change had come over her reticent, shrinking nature. She uttered strange prophecies: God would permit her to remain on earth till the end of time; she would "let fall from heaven a shower of roses." Not long after her death evidences poured in of her power. Miraculous cures, conversions, donations were ascribed to her intercession. Her "shower of roses" had begun. She was made a saint, the latest person to be so elevated. Bishop Michael Gallagher of Detroit had been in Rome in 1925 for the canonization, and the year after his return he found his young priest amenable to the proposal that the church he was to build in the almost empty parish of Royal Oak, twenty miles from the heart of Detroit, should be dedicated to the world's most modern saint.

Father Coughlin (call it Coglin) had begun coming to Detroit from Canada in 1921 to preach a weekly sermon in St. Agnes's Church, and in 1923 was assigned to the diocese. He preached with the full brogue of the educated Irishman, for he was of pure Irish stock. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were Irish-American workingmen. His great-grandfather helped dig the Erie Canal. His father, born in Indiana, was stoker on the Great Lakes, drifted to Hamilton, Ontario, became sexton of the cathedral, met a devout seamstress, also of Irish stock, and married her. There in Hamilton Father Coughlin was born forty-three years ago. To pursue the question of nationality for a moment, as a native of Canada he is entitled to British nationality. Whether he ever voted there, I do not know. The son of an American father, he is entitled to American nationality, which he could establish without challenge if proof were produced that his birth had been registered by his father at an American consulate in Canada. Probably his father never heard of such a precaution at the time. At any rate, as Canadian born he can never aspire to the Presidency unless constitutions to him, as to Hitler, are nothing.

He was educated in St. Mary's parochial school of Hamilton, then in St. Michael's College (under the Basilian Fathers), and took a doctorate in philosophy at the age of twenty at the University of Toronto. He had made a brilliant start. He was able to go for a three months' trip to Europe after finishing at Toronto, and came back troubled in mind as to his career. His inclinations were in three directions—the church, politics, and sociology. He had not begun his self-discovery, and did not know that he was to choose all three in choosing the church. At the dock, on his return from Europe, he met his favorite college teacher, who took him away for a long talk. It ended in his being persuaded to enter the church; and he plunged into arduous preparatory work under the Basilian order in Toronto. He was ordained four years later and spent his first year as a priest teaching English in Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario. Then began the trips to Detroit, and the transfer to that diocese followed. For three years he was in Kalamazoo and for a short period in North Branch before Bishop Gallagher chose him for the trying task of building up the parish of Royal Oak.

Then came the day of destiny, when he appeared in the office of the manager of radio station WJR of the Detroit *Free Press,* asking for a wider audience for his Sunday sermons. His motive was modest. He hoped to build up his parish—nothing more. The station manager liked Father Coughlin, and saw that it would be good policy to have a Catholic hour in a city that is 52 per cent Catholic. Little did either of them foresee that not many years later the same priest would be personally attacking E. D. Stair, publisher of the *Free Press,* in his capacity as chairman of the company which held the stock of the First National Bank, and the *Free Press* would be lambasting him as "an ecclesiastical

Huey Long," "a religious Walter Winchell," and a Wall Street speculator.

His sermons, and later his afternoon addresses to children, were broadcast for four years without bringing Father Coughlin fame. Gradually he changed the nature of his children's talks, peppering his religion with a seasoning of politics and economics. It was not until 1930, when those echoing letters aroused in him the first glimpse of his own potentialities, that he organized the Radio League of the Little Flower and boldly branched out. He engaged time on stations in Chicago and Cincinnati at $1,650 a week. He found the permanent form of his "discourse," a rhetorical tirade on political, social, and economic themes, knit together by the social philosophy of the liberal encyclicals of Pius XI and Leo XIII. Letters now came in regularly in hundreds and thousands, many with contributions for the league or the new shrine. He learned that the way to stimulate replies was to offer to supply a copy of the discourse to anyone who wrote in for it. The tempo of growth speeded up. The response in letters and money justified further expansion, and Father Coughlin rented time on a sixteen-station hook-up of the Columbia system.

He became a national figure almost at once. Currency was his most popular theme, and his preaching on the "honest dollar" obviously expressed the masses in the Middle West. He assailed the bankers, he assailed the civilization of mass production. He predicted a new war unless Christianity were introduced into the economic life of the nation. He was dinning his doctrine into a tremendous audience. A discourse on the subject "Hoover Prosperity Means a New War" brought him his largest single response, 1,200,000 letters. Another, in which he nominated Morgan, Mellon, Mills, and Meyer as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, brought 600,000 letters. No priest since time began had regularly addressed an audience of such dimensions.

After many discourses on banking, money, and capitalist greed, he devoted a series to communism ("Russia and the Red Serpent"), in which he charged that Russia already was fomenting revolution in America. This brought him to Washington, where he was star witness at an investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives. A succeeding series attacked prohibition. It was still more popular. And his mounting mail became now a steady flood, averaging for a long period about 80,000 letters a week. He received more than any other man in America.

The radio was a miraculous source of revenue. If the money did not flow with large enough volume, Father Coughlin had only to suggest that he might have to discontinue his "work" for want of funds. The next mails brought again the donations, big and little. To Father Coughlin these gifts must have seemed indeed like roses showered from heaven. And since much of the money went to build the first church to the modern Saint of the Little Flower, it all must have been to him a miracle. The shrine was already being built, a fine edifice, with a magnificent Crucifixion Tower at some distance from it. The design was modern and in good taste. In the tower was Father Coughlin's workshop, with a study on the top floor where he could prepare his discourses and work out the final stages of self-discovery. Beneath him were more than a hundred clerks and stenographers, handling his enormous mail.

The attacks on the bankers grew more violent, and the Columbia Broadcasting System began hearing complaints that a priest with so provocative a message should be given access to the air. Columbia thought it had its finger on the public pulse, and threatened to shut down on Father Coughlin unless he submitted to censorship for the remainder of his contract. The next Sunday Father Coughlin raised the issue of free speech over the radio. He asked his listeners to say whether he should be allowed to continue uncensored. They overwhelmed Columbia with their protests; it was a lesson on the ease of making mistakes in reading the public pulse. Father Coughlin was allowed to talk out his contract. And then Columbia rid itself of embarrassment by inventing its own Church of the Air, and easing out the priest of Detroit, as though it was not in fact suppressing him.

Without Columbia, Father Coughlin could turn to NBC, but here he was met with a refusal. It looked as though the end of the miracle days had come. But once more the manager of the *Free Press* station came to his help. He worked out the details by which Father Coughlin could hire his own stations and pay for the connecting telephone lines himself. Thus he created his own network. It embraced at first eleven stations and grew to twenty-six from Maine to Colorado, costing him $14,000 a week. It was an incredible sum for the once humble priest. It was all the greater since he must also raise the funds for the $750,000 church to the donor of heavenly roses. But he was not afraid, and his faith was justified. The church was built; the radio bills, hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, could be paid.

The storm over Father Coughlin reached its climax when the banks closed in Detroit in 1933. The First National, with deposits of over half a billion, was the largest institution closed in America. Here was banking "iniquity" on Father Coughlin's own doorstep, and he led the attack with new virulence. Moreover, he was in close connection with the powers at Washington. He knew the bank was to close days before anyone else in Detroit knew it. Detroit business interests were bitter and ascribed vindictive motives to Washington. Father Coughlin for the first time became spokesman for the New Deal, defended its actions, and predicted the prosecution and conviction of the bankers involved.

The role of the priest as a "force in Washington" continued until last summer. He came to the White House. He conferred with Raymond Moley and other key men. He was sought after as an oracle of public opinion. He defended the New Deal, supported the President. Not only were his discourses heard by a vast audience; they were widely reported in the press. His following probably included Catholics and Protestants in equal numbers. He now had grown to the Grand Scale. He employed his own brain trust, a staff of experts to comb the world for material for the discourses, as well as a clerical staff that dealt with the mail. Two or three young priests could be employed to take care of his parish work and preach the Sunday sermons. His parishioners saw little of him. He was confined to the top room of Crucifixion Tower and was heard by his flock only through loud speakers. He did not even deliver his discourses from his pulpit, but spoke only from the tower.

If Father Coughlin had gone no farther, had been content to remain the sociological orator—vocal passion brought into millions of homes—he would have revealed a singularly balanced spirit. But he could not stop. He would form a

national lobby—that is what it was at first called. He would bring a pressure on Washington that the capital had never before felt, his pressure, Father Coughlin's pressure. So he at last stepped out of his almost mythical impersonality of being only name, voice, and passion, to lead an organization. After the election he announced his National League for Social Justice, and with it a platform of sixteen planks. Twelve of these, say his detractors, are "lifted" from the Farmer-Labor platform. Stemming from Father Coughlin's contact with his own national parish, they are a revealing picture of what his public wants—that is, as far as they go, and if taken on their face value. As they will have sounded to his listeners they proclaim the following principles:

Liberty of conscience and of education.
A living annual wage.
Nationalization of banking and currency and of natural resources.
Private ownership of all other property.
Control of private property for the public good.
Government banking.
Congressional control of coinage.
Steady currency value.
Cost of production plus a fair value for agriculture.
Labor unions under government protection.
Recall of non-productive bonds.
Abolition of tax-free bonds.
Social taxation.
Simplification of government.
In war the conscription of wealth.
Human rights to be preferred to property rights.

This, then, is the program molded by that strange transfusion of passions, Father Coughlin's and those of his responding radio audience. In them, and in the new organization, he has now discovered himself fully.

Behind the program is a strong force of rhetoric, with a mass appeal not used or even understood by any other outsider in American politics striving for a leading part in affairs. The priest knows how to combine religion with resentment in a strange but potent broth. "In politics," he says, "I am neither Republican, Democrat, nor Socialist. I glory in the fact that I am a simple Catholic priest endeavoring to inject Christianity into the fabric of an economic system woven upon the loom of greed by the cunning fingers of those who manipulate the shuttles of human lives for their own selfish purposes." This is the crudely poetic language which has come through the millions of loud speakers and brought millions of responses. But in the sixteen planks there is no word of democratic government, and the right of free speech is not mentioned. The omission is not what his listeners asked, and they probably did not notice it. But it is a significant feature in the Coughlin program.

[*Mr. Swing's second article on Father Coughlin will appear next week. His regular Washington letter will be resumed when Congress convenes in January.*]

Burning Saints in Mexico

By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, December 15

IN the far southern state of Chiapas officially instigated mobs have been dragging the saints out of the churches to burn them in the public plazas; the Pope has been burned in effigy. If the great conquistador Bishop Zumárraga were to come to life, he would find his own methods in vogue. Just thus, four centuries ago, did the Spaniards destroy the idols of the Aztec faith.

The modern Mexican Catholic—as did his Aztec forebears—goes to the saints for specific Santa Claus benefits: this holy image cures hernia, this one smallpox, that one tumors. In a country largely without any rural doctors save an occasional traveling quack, the authorities in burning the saints or closing the churches have condemned the populace to disease and death, not to mention eternal damnation.

Mexico, still a land of miracles, does not live by rational scientific thought, perhaps because scientific and mechanical instruments are so lacking. I have traveled on horseback for three weeks in southern Mexico without once seeing that simple tool, the wheel. Probably more than a thousand villages do not have such a primitive device as the iron nail. It is difficult to teach people that a trained doctor is more efficacious than a saint when doctors are not available. Witch doctors still thrive among the ignorant in Mexico City itself. In the Guerrero Mixteca every three or four years smallpox wipes out from 10 to 40 per cent of all children under five; but the people, until recently without schools and tutored for centuries only by the priests, have to be vaccinated by force, because they believe the government is trying to spread the disease.

In Mazatlán, Oaxaca, one Indian official told me with bated breath that he had seen Jesus Christ fly by in the clouds. All the villagers for miles around had fallen on their faces; they had burned candles in the churches day and night, had performed glad processions. The mail plane to Oaxaca had got off its track! The local priest, I discovered, knew the explanation of the phenomenon; but why should he discourage the burning of many candles or destroy the simple faith of the people? When I told the town official that this particular Jesus Christ was none other than the pilot Tom Jones of the Pickwick line, who had a habit of getting drunk in Mexico City, my life was scarcely safe.

On entering a Mixtec village beyond Tlaxiaco, I found the people wild-eyed over the visitations of the terrible Llorona, "the Crying One," said to be the ghost of Cortés's Indian bed-companion, Malinche, as she is called these later days, famous for stealing children. That night the villagers sealed their doors, pushed their children into the darkest corners, and cowered in their huts while hair-raising wails echoed down the stony lanes. The following day a colonel rode in from the Costa Chica. The inhabitants crowded around him to tell of the terrible calamity. "Llorona, my foot!" he ejaculated disgustedly. That night he posted his men, with knees rattling, at every crossroads to bring in the ghost, dead or alive. The ghost was brought in—alive. The sacristan thus captured confessed he had been sent out

by the priest so people would crowd the church. The rough and ready colonel seized the priest, tied him to the back of his mule, and drove him out of town with threats of hanging him to the nearest tree if he ever showed up again.

In San Pablo Etla the priest led a mob of villagers to tear up the athletic fields, rabbit runs, and gardens of the school. When I passed through, the church was padlocked. In one large village in the low, hot country at the foot of the Sierra Madre in Guerrero, I found classes suspended in the dirt-floor school because the roof leaked. The villagers had no money to repair the school, and secretly didn't want it repaired, because they were building a handsome new tile-roofed curate's house with polished floors. The priest already lived in the best house in the village in the company of three pretty young Indian "nieces." In most villages the priest warns the people that they and their children will go to hell if the youngsters are sent to the government school.

The first charge of the government against the church has been that in the past and at present it has fomented mass ignorance and superstition, and has consistently fought public education. On the other hand, the government, if it has scattered a few thousand rural schools around and has granted a few thousand villages tiny inadequate tracts of land, has permitted the leaders and generals of the revolution to acquire fabulous wealth and flaunt their ill-gotten gains in the large cities, while millions of Mexicans live in misery, disease, and ignorance, without the simplest mechanical contrivances to teach them scientific rather than magical control over nature.

The second charge of the government has been that the church has fought social reform, has played politics, has fomented armed revolt. Governor Salcedo of Zacatecas told me how he had been harassed by groups of armed rebels led by priests. All testimony indicates that priests participated in the ferocious Guadalajara train attack in which passengers —men, women, and children—were burned alive in the cars and three people went insane. In August the Bishop of Huejutla, Manrique y Zárate, from exile issued a pastoral calling the faithful to armed revolt. The Archbishop of Guadalajara actively recruited volunteers for the revolt of General Estrada against the Obregón government. The Archbishop of Morelia, Ruiz y Flores, papal delegate, recently issued a statement that no Catholic may be a Socialist or belong to the National Revolutionary Party. A priest of Acajete, Puebla, was recently arrested for fomenting a brutal lynching of a mother and daughter for advocating free thought. A religious fanatic assassinated President-elect Alvaro Obregón.

On the other hand, the government has shown no particular regard for legal forms. The Calles government executed Father Pro, suspected of an attempted assassination of Obregón, without proof and without trial. We can discount the inflamed Belgian-atrocity stories of prison torture of Catholics, but during recent conflicts with the church Catholics have been given *Ley Fuga*—that is, have been shot in the back—have been arrested and sent to prison without trial, have had their property confiscated without due process of law. A former Governor of Jalisco boasted to me of the number of Catholics he had had shot into graves in the cemetery in the dead of night. In a horseback trip through Jalisco during the religious revolts a few years ago, I discovered that the disorders were occasioned as much by the brutalities and looting of the army as by bona fide religious sentiments. The assassins of Obregón, José Toral and Madre Conchita, though there is little doubt of their guilt, were convicted as a result of the incursion of fifty congressional deputies, waving pistols, shouting insults at the prisoners and the attorneys for the defense, and threatening the jurors with death.

The government has often utilized hypocritical slogans and taken advantage of the church conflict to carry on base political intrigues. High officials, fighting the church, have protected bootleg masses which their families attended; their children have been baptized, christened, and married with great éclat in the church. The children of one high official of the outgoing administration are in a secret illegal Catholic primary school. Graft has made its appearance in the fining of Catholics, in efforts to save property, in the celebration of bootleg masses, in the permitting of illegally registered priests to officiate. Nor has the government lived up to the pact with the church which was imposed by Ambassador Morrow, particularly with respect to political freedom and the right to utilize legal means to change laws considered unjust by the Catholics.

The fight between the temporal power and the church began in colonial days. Gradually during the nineteenth century the church was stripped of all special privileges. It regained some ground under Porfirio Díaz. It lost still more with the 1917 Querétaro constitution. The enforcement of the religious provisions of that constitution did not begin till 1925 during the administration of President Calles. Trouble was immediately precipitated. The high-water marks of the first phase of the struggle were the arrest of the Archbishop, the great nation-wide "strike" of the clergy from August, 1926, to the Morrow pact in 1928, the long religious war in the west, the execution of Padre Pro and two others without trial, the assassination of Obregón in 1928 and the subsequent trial of Toral and Mother Conchita, and the expulsion of Papal Nuncio Monseñor Caruana.

After the Morrow truce the federal government desisted from overt aggressions; the "Hail Christ the King" rebels laid down their arms. But the states began passing laws, sanctioned by the constitution, limiting the number of priests for each cult to one for each ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. In Vera Cruz and Tabasco grave disorders accompanied the carrying out of the new laws.

The next important episode was the great celebration in 1932, planned for the four-hundredth anniversary of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the most venerated and miraculous image in the country. Church preparations for the enormous proposed manifestation alarmed the government. Charges were brought in Congress that even high officials and their wives were giving money and moral support. Calles himself was put under fire. Behind this new attack was a base intrigue of certain elements fishing for political advancement within the regime itself. But in the federal district the number of priests was restricted to twenty-six, and the holy names of all streets and suburbs were renamed after heroes of the revolution. A few were missed, for instance, the "Alley of the Holy Spirit" in the very center of town. More states passed numerical restriction laws.

The next battle-front was in the schools. Narciso Bassols, Minister of Education and Calles's private lawyer, discovered that many government teachers were secretly violating the law by giving religious instruction. Various parent-

teachers' associations and teachers were scheming for a gradual de facto return of religious instruction. Pronouncements were issued. High prelates announced that the church would never relinquish the fight to implant Catholic instruction in the public schools. Bassols put secret investigators to work. Their reports showed intrigues between the teachers and Catholic elements. Wholesale dismissals were threatened. The situation became so hot that Bassols was moved over to the Department of the Interior and shortly after resigned. This was hailed as a definite victory for the Catholic elements. In reality it was merely a hiatus while the government prepared for definite control of its own schools.

The instrument for that control and the very pivot of the present bitter struggle is the new socialist education law, written into the statutes on October 20 in accordance with the provisions of the Calles six-year plan for "ultimate socialization" of the country. The propaganda basis for this move was well laid. The various states passed new laws reducing the number of priests to one for each fifty or hundred thousand inhabitants. General Lázaro Cárdenas, then a candidate for the Presidency, now President, declared that the hollow words of liberty of conscience, liberty of education, and economic liberty no longer seduced the Mexican people, for those phrases merely represented, respectively, clerical, reactionary, and capitalist dictatorship. Calles, in his famous Guadalajara speech, declared: "We must now enter and take possession of the consciences of the children . . . because they belong and should belong to the revolution." This was the speech from which Ambassador Daniels quoted an innocuous sentence to the wrath of American Catholics.

In October, when the proposed socialist education law came up for discussion in Congress, it was passed in the face of increasingly militant Catholic and student agitation. The Catholic National Parents' Union insisted that the law was a final step toward "national socialism," and urged that parents prepare for a permanent strike of students on the ground that the National Revolutionary Party (P. N. R.) was trying to deliver "a death blow" to moral education, the consciences of the children, the family, and private property. The ignorant were crammed with stories, firmly believed, that Calles was having all school children branded P. N. R. and circumcised, and that the government was forcing them, in its new sexual education, to witness the reproductive acts of the lower animals.

Riots have occurred. Everywhere except in Morelia the university students, despite the exemption of the universities from the application of the law, have held meetings and parades, battled with the police, been arrested and deported from their states, and been wounded and killed. At least four universities have been closed entirely. Three persons were killed and many wounded in a two-day battle when the police closed the illegal Santa Teresa Catholic school in Puebla. The student-professor council of the National Autonomous University of Mexico (financially supported by the government), under the leadership of the pro-clerical rector and reactionary professors, tried to embarrass the government by suspending classes. President Rodríguez cracked the whip, classes reopened, and the rector resigned, to be replaced by another pro-clerical. On October 12 Catholic women armed with quicklime paraded through Mexico City and were joined by students. The police finally broke up the demonstration with tear gas and fire hoses.

Behind all this the government saw the hand of the church. On October 19 the Chamber of Deputies demanded the expulsion of all Catholic bishops and archbishops from Mexico. Rodríguez ordered an investigation of their activities; warrants of arrest were made out for various high prelates in exile should they ever come back to Mexico. In Tabasco the church has long had no existence owing to a law requiring priests to marry. Now all religious edifices have been closed, and priests have been asked to leave the state confines in Colima, Chiapas, Sonora, Chihuahua, and Guerrero. The government staged a mammoth demonstration to support "socialist education." Trainloads of peasants were hauled into the city; all government employees were required to march; hundreds were discharged for refusing to do so. On November 18 all school children were required to parade, their year's grades being held up until after the demonstration had taken place.

Neither side has shown much sincerity or intelligence. The great bugaboo attacked by the Catholic elements is "socialism." Except for the use of the word, the law has nothing to do with socialism. None of the deputies or senators, except Altamirano of Vera Cruz, revealed the slightest knowledge of what "socialism" means in either a theoretical or a practical sense. Nor have any of the school programs propounded anything to do with socialism. They offer what in the United States we should call "civics."

Mexico is not a socialist country but a developing capitalist country. It has an enlightened labor code and has promoted rural credits, but its agrarian collectivism has been aborted by the 1925 law of family patrimony. Its oil and mineral nationalization laws were not socialistic but merely provided for capitalist exploitation by concession rather than by the owner of the surface land. Ever since 1926 Mexico has been moving away from socialism, except for eloquent speeches by millionaire politicians. But the law is slightly anti-clerical. State education is to be "divorced from all religious doctrines, and shall combat fanaticism and prejudice in such a way that school activities will create in Mexican youth a rational concept of the world and social life."

The church, clinging to purely reactionary shibboleths and discredited politicians, still fighting all measures of social betterment, has destroyed its own moral prestige; it has been beaten; if it fights it is likely to lose what little it has left. The new administration harbors most of the sincere and unsullied anti-clericals in the country. President Cárdenas himself followed a radical anti-church policy when Governor of Michoacán; Portes Gil, now Minister of Foreign Relations, as Governor of Tamaulipas, as President, and more recently as Attorney General, has a long anti-clerical record; Narciso Bassols, head of the Treasury, was leader of the anti-clerical fight in the Department of Education; Rodolfo Calles, Minister of Communications, closed all the churches in Sonora; General Múgica, Minister of National Economy, conducted anti-clerical campaigns in Michoacán and Tabasco; Garrido Canabal, Minister of Agriculture, descended on the capital for the inauguration with several thousand of his "Red Shirts" who had put the church out of business in Tabasco—it is said he was brought to the capital to organize his brigade on a national scale to support the P. N. R., carry out the agrarian program, and fight the church. The church has less to hope for from the new administration than from any previous one. The Cárdenas government is moving left.

War Germs in the Danube Basin
IV. Can We Avert War?

By OSCAR JASZI

THE spontaneous outburst of bitterness which swept Jugoslavia after the assassination of King Alexander and culminated in the heartless expulsion of 3,000 Hungarian peasants was merely a symptom of the existing tension in the Balkans. To find its roots one must probe into past centuries of exploitation and tyranny; but its present manifestations are chiefly the reflection of the injustices perpetrated by the peace treaties drawn up at the close of the World War. Three of the states—those of the Little Entente—owe their very existence in their present form to these treaties and are deeply interested in the maintenance of the status quo; two of them—the "paupers," Austria and Hungary—feel their present situation as unbearable. All of them are centers of continuous diplomatic intrigue, and are eagerly receptive to any aid from the larger Powers.

Hitler supports National Socialism in Austria by money, propaganda, and explosives, and tries to estrange Rumania and Jugoslavia from France. Italy favors Magyar revisionism and arms Croat desperadoes against Jugoslavia in a camp near the Slovene frontier. France is an ardent advocate of the states opposing the revisionist claims of Hungary, and M. Barthou was enthusiastically greeted in the capitals of the Little Entente. Russia, which formerly tried to undermine Rumanian rule in Bessarabia, has recently accepted both the French suggestion of an Eastern Locarno and the thesis of no revision.

All these intrigues continue in ever-renewed forms. Thus far France and the Little Entente have been the victors. Not only has their position been greatly strengthened by the shift in Soviet policy, but they have also gained from the collapse of Mussolini's policy in Albania and the reduced tension between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. For though Bulgaria has not yet signed the Balkan Pact (guaranteeing the status quo in the whole peninsula), it cannot be doubted that the new military dictatorship in that country leans toward a rapprochement with Jugoslavia. This new policy is supported by broad circles of public opinion in both countries and constitutes the one hopeful sign in the present chaos. Similarly the efforts of Mussolini to get Rumania out of the Little Entente have been unsuccessful. These setbacks for Italian foreign policy are scarcely compensated for by the Italian-Austrian-Hungarian treaty, since the mutual economic advantages of this agreement are relatively insignificant. The Hungarians were shrewd enough to keep the way open for a closer approach to Germany or even to the West. When, therefore, the German and the Italian dictator met, their conversations had very meager results. And even the theatrical effects of the meeting were wiped out by the later Austrian developments, which put Mussolini, against his will, at the head of the anti-German front.

This series of events may easily lead to the French-Italian understanding so heartily desired by the Little Entente, most of whose leading men are convinced that Mussolini is a man of peace because ultimately he must part with Hitler. Certainly a final break between Hitler and Mussolini, the two incarnations of the war ideology, would make an immediate war impossible, since an isolated Germany could be easily forced to its knees and the smaller dissatisfied countries could not fight alone. Under these circumstances some of the Little Entente statesmen have hope that the peace will last for at least a generation. This would spell victory for the status quo, for the present state system. The victor states believe that in that time they could achieve their final unification and overcome their economic and social difficulties, and that the greater fecundity of the Rumanian and Slav masses as compared with that of the Germans and Magyars would prove the decisive factor in solving their racial problems.

To attempt any analysis of the situation, one must understand the Hungarian attitude. With the exception of Italian and German imperialism, Hungarian revisionism is the most active force for a new war in Europe. Responsible Hungarian statesmen have frequently asserted that they will never cooperate in an economic rebuilding of the Danube Basin as long as "justice" is not done to Hungary through a revision of its frontiers. It is true that Hungary has suffered acutely from the provisions of the Treaty of Trianon. More than two-thirds of its territory was taken away, and a Hungarian population variously estimated at between 2,500,000 and 3,300,000 passed under foreign rule. Hundreds of thousands of intellectuals, preferring to emigrate rather than to become a subject people, poured into Budapest and the surrounding region. The treaty was universally resented, especially since the people had always had an overdeveloped national consciousness which regarded the Hungarian nation as the first in the world. But the hundreds of thousands who lost their means of livelihood felt the situation most bitterly, and the expropriated Magyar aristocracy regarded it is nothing short of robbery, asserting contemptuously that the country had become "Balkanized." Under the sway of these ideas Magyar sentiment crystallized in the slogan "Nem, nem, soha!" (No, no, never), which meant the categorical repudiation of the new frontiers and insistence on the territorial integrity of Hungary—the old unity of the Crown of Saint Stephen.

This doctrine is instilled into the mind of the people by every newspaper, every public performance, every textbook, and even by every public prayer. It is asserted that the Treaty of Trianon is the sole cause of the present misery of the country. Nobody talks seriously of the evils of the system of latifundia, the feudal administration, the enormous amount of graft, or state capitalism. The only real criminal is the Trianon treaty; the only remedy, the restoration of the old frontiers. First justice, then bread!

The doctrine in this simple form was of course unfit for international consumption. To make it more palatable restitution became revisionism. The frontiers must be redrawn. To what extent? On what principle? It has never been

officially stated, but some foreign friends of Magyar revisionism, above all Lord Rothermere, have made it clear to their followers that a wholesale restoration of the old frontiers is impossible since it could only be accomplished through world war. The only possibility is a rectification of the frontiers, that is, the reattachment to Hungary of those frontier territories whose population is solidly Magyar, of some greater towns and agricultural districts which for economic or strategic reasons were taken away in open violation of the principle of nationality which was supposed to be the ground for the dismemberment of the country. This is the only claim which could be accepted by the more enlightened public opinion of the world. It is an interpretation, however, which arouses no real sympathy in Hungary, where the myth of the inviolable integrity of the thousand-year-old state is unaltered, though the rectification argument is tolerated by official circles as a basis of foreign discussion.

As a matter of fact, no unbiased observer will deny the justice of the rectification claim, and the case for it could become very strong if it were expressed in an official and unequivocal way. Unfortunately, rectification could not solve the real problem of Hungary, for these reasons: (1) The return of a few thousand square kilometers and some hundreds of thousands of Magyars living on the frontiers in compact masses would not alleviate materially the present economic situation of Hungary; it might even make the economic crisis more acute, since Hungary is a wheat-exporting country. (2) It would not satisfy the present feudal mentality of the country; Count Bethlen, the staunch Hungarian revisionist (under whose regime, however, the revisionist propaganda was very much mitigated because his and his colleagues' optant claims were more important to them than were the frontiers), wrote recently: "Hungary will perish in its present frontiers unless it can assure to itself the rule over the territory bounded by the Carpathians and forming the basin of the Danube and Tisza"; therefore "the Slav pincers must be broken off." (3) No experiment along this line can be made because the Little Entente is adamant in rejecting all claims for revision. All its responsible statesmen have declared repeatedly that revision would mean immediate war.

This attitude is perhaps the most lamentable change for the worse which I found in the succession states on revisiting them after several years. When after the collapse of the Hapsburg monarchy I had the honor of discussing the problems of Hungary with President Masaryk and Dr. Benes, both expressed the opinion that the new frontiers were not sacrosanct, that certain injuries inflicted by the peace treaty might be repaired if a democratic government were to rule in Hungary. A few years later this statement was repeated by the President to a well-known Budapest journalist and aroused quite a sensation in Hungary, though it was coldly disregarded by the government. This year I met an entirely changed situation; not only had the official position of the leaders altered but also their private views. One of the most influential statesmen of the Little Entente said to me: "After many years of the irredentist propaganda of Budapest and its hidden preparations for war, there is not a single group in our parliament which would take seriously any proposals for revision of the frontiers. Our people know that no reasonable rectification of the boundaries would appease Magyar feudalism, which would regard a concession only as a sign of weakness, a partial payment, a further incentive to new propaganda. Perhaps a new generation, in a new economic and moral atmosphere, may find a platform for rectification. For us there is none. We are determined to repudiate with armed force any attempt at revision."

Official Hungary, for the benefit of Geneva, now speaks ostentatiously of a peaceful revision. But how could such a thing be done? The League would be as impotent on the Danube as it was in Manchuria. The clause of unanimity would deadlock the issue. And how could even the loudest defenders of the Magyar cause seriously support the claim? For revision in Hungary would inevitably call for other waves of revision. How could Mussolini, the cruel oppressor of the Jugoslav and German minorities in his own country, support a revisionist claim in another country? How could the grudging friends of the Little Entente, the Poles, make an imposing case for Hungary when they crush in the most brutal way their own Ukrainian minority?

In reality revision of the frontiers is not the fundamental issue, since it cannot satisfy the three basic needs of the Danubian Basin, which are the dissemination of education, the alleviation of the agrarian crisis, and the efficient defense of national minorities. The confused racial mixture in the Danube Basin and the Balkans would make it impossible for any frontier arrangement to solve the problem of minorities. Yet the present protection of national minorities by the League is mere hypocrisy. Even if the present minorities treaties were taken seriously, they would not suffice. What the national minorities need is not tolerance and a certain minimum of rights, but a system of cultural autonomy from elementary school to university. Such an educational system for the minority should receive financial support from the state proportional to that which it gives to the cultural institutions of the "ruling" nationality. And this nationality must cease to "rule"; the members of the various nationality groups must have a proportional share in the administration and judiciary of the state. This means that "nationality" and "citizenship" should be separated and the new states become nationally federated like Switzerland or Esthonia.

It is manifest that these things cannot be accomplished under the present Danubian system. Instead of autarchy, the peoples need growing areas of free trade; instead of armed national sovereignties, they need a federal union; instead of tariffs protecting the wealthy farmers, they need a new technique of agriculture based on an efficient credit and cooperative system. It is only necessary to enumerate these requirements in order to understand the immense obstacles in the way of their realization. For how can a freer trade be established against the powerful agrarian interests in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, against the powerful banking interests associated with protected industry in Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia? How can a Danube federation be formed when aggressive militarism is ruling the souls of men? And how can a really radical agrarian reform be introduced without sufficient capital and culture, under a regime favoring high rents and low wages? Against these obstacles even the best endeavors fail, and Dr. Benes and Dr. Maniu have been unable to promote their idea of a Danubian confederation.

For these reasons, unprejudiced by any national bias and with equal sympathy for all nations in the Danubian drama, I say that either the Danubian nations will in a very short time carry out fundamental reforms or the new war will

come. And after the war will come the revolution, which will solve the agricultural problem not with cooperatives but with *kolhoz,* the nationality problem not with free local autonomies but with soviets of nationalities, and the constitutional problem not with a free system of federalism but with a dictatorship of the proletariat. Not Europe but Asia will then rule in this part of the world, and the Hungarian and Rumanian islands may disappear in the Slav ocean.

[*This is the last article of Dr. Jaszi's series.*]

In the Driftway

A FEW weeks ago, when three little girls were found dead under a blanket on a Pennsylvania mountainside, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a news story of the event which gave an impressive picture of modern life. In an attempt to identify the dead, the police were checking dozens of stories that were being told to them every day. And it seemed to them that almost all of the United States must be on the move. An astonishing number of families with three daughters were reported migrating, by bus or car, from California to Florida; an equally astonishing number of mothers wrote in that they had, indeed, three daughters making a trip with their father, who might very well have killed them—these mothers being about equaled by the number of fathers who were just as confident that their three daughters, away from home with their mother, could have been similarly done away with. This seems to be a new search for some frontier paradise. The trek was formerly westward to the unknown lands beyond the Alleghenies, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains. These lands are no longer strange, and the Fountain of Youth and Joy which Ponce de Leon once looked for in Florida does not seem to spring in them. Those who sought Utopia somewhere in the direction of the Pacific Ocean have turned back, perhaps to see if they might have missed it on the way.

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BUT of course modern life is not solely made up of this sort of restless and futile wandering. As an obvious contrast the Drifter offers the little Ontario community which the quintuplet sisters have made famous. New York has been lately honored by a visit from their physician, the very picture of the honest, composed, straightforward country doctor who is not above a little joke now and then, and who has no wish, once he has calmly looked over the metropolis, but to return to the life of hard and financially unremunerative labor which has engaged him for twenty-five years. Dr. Dafoe was modestly inclined to give most of the credit for the quintuplets' survival to the sturdy stock from which they sprang. In giving birth to five babies at once, he explained, Mrs. Dionne was merely keeping up the community average, since she had been married ten years and had only six children. "Families run ten or twelve there," the doctor said, "and we have one of twenty-two, all living. They have a very low infant mortality rate, too." To the doctor the fact that the entire community is living on a dole from the Canadian government—which pays him a salary, too, since his patients are unable to afford a fee—seems a little irrelevant. And certainly from their pictures the eleven Dionne children look rather handsome and not in the least undernourished or wretched.

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THE Drifter does not wish to draw hasty conclusions from these two examples of living today. He will merely point out that the inhabitants of Callander, Ontario, probably do not possess a radio among them; they are strangers to electricity, the telephone, the vacuum cleaner, the mechanical orange-juice extractor, and the combined pocketknife and folding nail scissors. It has not yet occurred to them to start off in search of Utopia. The perplexing complications of modern life, being quite unknown, do not disturb them. Unfortunately the Drifter cannot recommend to his perplexed readers that they move to Ontario and live the simple life. It would not suit them; and they would be almost certain to be the parents of only one baby at a time, which would therefore have to be cared for in the family nursery instead of in a special hospital with two nurses, a housekeeper, and an orderly. The only solution of this problem is never to leave home, for once you, or your grandparents, start out after Utopia you are condemned to perpetual wandering. You are, in fact, a

DRIFTER

Correspondence

[*We print below a new collection of letters discussing Mark Granite's proposal for a United Liberal Party published in* The Nation *for December* 5.]

In Hearty Accord

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read Mark Granite's letter in *The Nation* of December 5. I am heartily in accord with the ideas set forth. I consider his statement that "Franklin D. Roosevelt is to be found in first one camp and then the other or on the fence between them and, sometimes, with his marvelous mental and political agility, in all three positions at once," the best thing I've read about Mr. Roosevelt since the advent of the New Deal.

It seems to me that a United Liberal Party is needed in the United States, although the "kept" avenues of information make the organization of such a party a herculean task. However, the American Circle, as a national committee of correspondence, does offer some kind of way out. In enabling private citizens all over the country to take counsel together it provides something which is greatly needed. I would say that what is needed before a Liberal Party is the means of getting information to the public. As a newspaperman I know that the press is hopeless in this respect. The radio offers possibilities, but the press refuses to criticize the radio monopoly. I am for the American Circle as a new instrument of public opinion.

Chicago, December 4 J. A. SMITH

A Liberal Program

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mark Granite's letter in the December 5 issue of *The Nation* is timely. If the moment was ever at hand for a new party, it is here now. While the Old Guard is headless and in

confusion is the time to organize and build a sound, forward-looking Liberal Party. This party will attract liberal elements in all old and new national and State parties; Minnesota, Wisconsin, California, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Louisiana, and other States are all forming, or have formed, new State parties which are looking for national leadership. Will it come or must the movement collapse like its predecessors? What have we to look forward to? Nothing if we sit idly by while reaction crystallizes on one hand and radicalism on the other. Will it be the old story of the liberals crushed, as in Russia, Germany, and Italy? Let us hope not. If we are intelligent, let's go now to a new Liberal Party, and let it come out for the following:

1. Unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and health protection.
2. High income and inheritance taxes.
3. Complete federal supremacy in all social and economic legislation.
4. Self-sustenance for the unemployed.
5. Real freedom of the press.
6. Redistribution of income through control of profits and high wages.
7. Adequate protection of the consumer through the Bureau of Standards.
8. Federal aid to education.
9. Tariff reduction to control prices so that the consumer is not robbed of all that he earns.
10. Referendum on wars primarily for aggression outside the bounds of our country.
11. Government ownership of munitions.
12. Heavy tax on war profits.

Spooner, Wis., December 3 KENNETH KELLETT

Let Karl Marx Speak!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mark Granite's letter suggesting the formation of a United Liberal Party intrigues me chiefly because of the smug, self-satisfied air he assumes in dismissing from it beforehand "the old populist, inflationist, quack-remedy element." The aloof way in which he conceives of his "real Liberal Party" to be somehow intellectually superior to them amuses me. The life-blood of every new political party or reform movement in America has been composed of such people; nor does his pet project differ fundamentally from those in which they appeared.

From the beginning, our economy took the form of rugged individualism, a feeling that we were all in the game together and let the best man win. We never had feudal barons or the class of exploited serfs that went with them. We began as a nation of small proprietors, and because the expansion of the country was concomitant with the development of capitalism and its recurrent crises, most of them have now been duly manufactured into either employer or employee. The "populist, inflationist, quack-remedy" movements, including the projected United Liberals, register the death cries of the small proprietors.

Free Soilers, Know Nothings, Single Taxers, Bellamyites, Populists, Bryanists, Mugwumps, Bull Moosers, La Follette Progressives, followers of Epic, Townsend pensioners, the Radio Priest, and all the adherents of forgotten movements which Mark Granite so haughtily stigmatizes as quacks are indicative of something fundamental in American life. These movements are the expression of the American worker's unconscious and mistaken identification of his interests with those of the rapidly disappearing middle class—a class which does not realize what is happening to it, and which desires only to have capitalism reformed and perpetuated so that it may continue its exploitations.

Mark Granite's United Liberals would inevitably attract the very elements—deluded workers and intellectuals—which sought expression in the movements to which he refers so contemptuously. Liberalism grew up in an economy of scarcity, and Mark Granite is only reechoing the old liberal yearnings—the cry of the dying American middle class. Mark wants better distribution, not in the economist's sense, but "a better distribution of freedom, security, equality, and opportunity." The phrase might have been lifted bodily from the "Challenge to Liberty." Such yearnings are even more vague and utterly meaningless now than when they were mouthed by the "old populist, inflationist, quack-remedy elements." The United Liberals would indeed have to be "financial witch doctors" to bring back the days when there really was some semblance of equality of opportunity.

History has proved that middle-class revolt under these conditions tends to become fascist. I can see the United Liberals, the "old populist, inflationist, quack-remedy element" having duly climbed aboard, whooping it up for God, country, and Mark Granite. We shall then have been delivered even more firmly than before into the hands of Mr. Gerard's fifty-odd men. In the era of abundance it is nothing short of criminal to hold out to millions of workers the deluded hope that their salvation lies in the formation of another mildly liberal party. Let Karl Marx speak. "They ought not to forget that they are fighting with effects, but not with the causes of these effects; that they are retarding the downward movement, but not changing its direction; that they are applying palliatives, not curing the malady."

Canton, Ohio, December 5 CLARENCE K. MARZ

Liberalism—Not Socialism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I hope those active in the germination of the new Liberal Party will draw a clear distinction between socialism and liberalism. The basic idea of liberalism is liberty. This means socialization of whatever can only be managed as a monopoly, and the destruction of monopoly into genuinely competing units wherever this is feasible. One enemy—private monopoly, unsocialized monopoly—but two allies—socialization and real competition. So to allow anyone to reduce us to the first ally alone is to accept an enormous and gratuitous handicap in the fight against private monopoly. Besides, even governmental monopoly is still dangerous if not balanced by areas of competitive freedom. Thus liberalism has one absolute end: destroy monopolistic privilege; and two relative ends: socialize basic services but also preserve the more successful examples of competitive struggle so that government cannot become an oppressive octopus, and so that efficiency and adjustment will not be entirely dependent upon conscious planning (for the necessary aspects of which we are short enough of knowledge and leadership) but will be partly effected also by the free market mechanism.

Chicago, December 5 CHARLES HARTSHORNE

Keep Flexible!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I'll join Mark Granite's new Liberal Party with certain provisos, chiefly that it isn't and can't be gobbled up by any self-seeking group, and that it can have some prospect of immunity against congealing around fixed ideas. To have any vitality and usefulness a new Liberal Party must be constantly flexible. I declined joining John Dewey's league, not because I was out of

sympathy with its general purposes, but because it started out with a set "platform." There is no object whatever in starting a new party if its structure is based on a cast-iron frame, or if it can be captured by any self-perpetuating group. It is immaterial how good and holy we now may think the frame to be. The best thought, and that is what I assume any new Liberal Party will try to consolidate, must necessarily recognize that each idea is but a step in a never-ending march. Conclusiveness, cocksureness, is mental death. The only thing we can hope to be right in is that the direction is toward the goal.

The problem is weighty but perhaps not altogether insoluble. Go slow. Start, it may be, by forming localized groups for the consolidation of ideas and the spread of those ideas to others. Work out some form of representative concentration. Let some final representative body formulate plans for approval; but do everything to keep ideas fully circulating. I should say, never compose a platform that has about it any intimation of finality; and move heaven and earth, if that be required, to keep all local organizations fully alive to the fundamental importance of keeping free from domination in any form.

Los Angeles, December 7 JAMES T. BARKELEW

We Need an Anchor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a reader of *The Nation* I am intensely interested in the development of a new political party. Such a party has been needed for some time and the conditions for its growth are evident and certain. It could be so created as to draw together all the differing opinions of those whose voices have had no expression whatever in the creation of public opinion in a national sense. Such a new party would prove to be a powerful force toward needed reform. Many of our American citizens are at present awaiting an anchor. Let us have the United Liberal Party.

Detroit, December 5 W. H. GORDON

Organize Our Discontent

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mark Granite's American Circle is but one more indication of a growing conviction that there is something wrong with the American social structure and that it can be remedied this side of the Kremlin. This belief has found expression in the Utopians, in Father Coughlin's People's Lobby, and in any number of smaller groups organized during the past few years. All of them have the same aims, the only dividing line being the minor details and methods of action.

Of similar mind is a body of people who are both unorganized and innumerable, and who have the same desire to do something. However, the only indication of their attitude is either an adolescent cynicism or a passive hoping or praying that everything will turn out all right. They take no active stand for any one of the following reasons: (1) they are oppressed by the fact that their individual efforts have no perceptible effect; (2) they are too much engaged in making a living and in their spare time trying to grab a few moments of pleasure from life; (3) any effort toward social improvement would imperil their livelihood; (4) they have a psychological timidity about asserting their beliefs.

Could not this group act together on specific measures, outside organizational platforms? There are any number of weapons open to them—the vote, boycott, persuading friends, and so on. I may be incredibly naive to suppose such a group could be organized. But in the impending chaos those who profess a hope for the betterment of conditions and decline to take advantage of every possible aid are not only playing false to the future; they evince a high degree of unintelligence.

New York, December 8 LOUIS JOHNSON

"Over Goes the Apple-Cart"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Time is short. The forces of fascism are now praying for the failure of the New Deal in order that they may ride in on the wave of reaction they hope will sweep the country. In spite of an aroused public feeling we must assuredly swing to the right and a money-dictated fascist government unless the forces to the left consolidate and that quickly.

Why wait, Mark Granite? Call together those men whom you feel are strong enough in their own right, who are respected by the working people of the nation, and who can lead and organize. Draw out of them a simple, direct, practical program. Make it clear enough for the common man to understand, phrased in a way to catch his devotion, real enough so that he may know how it will affect him as a worker. Then carry the news of it into the smallest hamlet in the land. Organize committees of correspondence, arouse the people to the same pitch that Sam Adams aroused them to just before the War of Independence, and preach continually through these committees the simple story of the new party platform.

And then what will you have? Nothing but the same dissension and argument one sees now in the minor parties of this country. I believe there is no solution. Events will crowd in one on the other, first a swing to the right, then to the left. One party out and preparing to get in; another in and compromising so as not to be thrown out; the worker always the goat. Then at last when he is convinced that he has had enough, over goes the apple-cart and we have a revolution.

Kendal Green, Mass., December 7 FRED WALE

Yellow Journalism in Syracuse

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

"Drive All Radical Professors and Students from University," shouted the headlines of the Syracuse *Journal,* Hearst newspaper, on Thursday, November 22. Launching a typical Hearst red-scare campaign to boost circulation in a dull time, the *Journal* sent two bright young reporters to Syracuse University to interview Professor John N. Washburne, head of the Department of Educational Psychology. They posed as prospective students at the university—alert young men interested in the tenets of communism and anxious to visit Soviet Russia. A garbled account of their interview with Dr. Washburne which came out in the *Journal* said he admitted being a Communist.

The next day the *Journal* printed an interview with another university professor, Herman C. Beyle, of the School of Citizenship. Dr. Beyle demanded an interview with Harvey Burrill, editor of the *Journal.* When Burrill asked which shade of red he was, the professor retorted with the question, "What hue of yellow is your journalism?" But somehow or other this last remark failed to find its way into the *Journal* report of the interview. Dr. Beyle asked for a stenographer to take down his conversation verbatim, but he was nevertheless falsely quoted. Whereas he told Mr. Burrill, "I teach no isms," the *Journal* of November 23 printed his statement as "I teach isms."

Dr. Burges Johnson, the well-known head of the Bureau of Public Relations at the university, pointed out that the public

would refuse to take such accusations seriously. The *Daily Orange,* campus paper, added its word of ridicule and scorn to those of Dr. Johnson. (The *Journal* had offered to pay this paper if it would publish an article favorable to the *Journal.*)

The attack of the *Journal* continued on Saturday, November 24: "Keen interest aroused throughout Central New York by frank discussion in the *Journal* of communistic tendencies among some Syracuse University students and faculty members brought wide approval today from leaders of various Syracuse patriotic societies." The usual blasts followed from the trumpets of the American Legion and its auxiliary, which so frequently sound at the behest of the Hearst press and the War Department. Six other professors were added to the list of those to be examined, among whom were Dr. Floyd Allport, leading social psychologist of America, and Dr. Burges Johnson.

On the day after the *Journal* put the matter up to the trustees, news boys bombarded certain residential districts in a circulation drive, which was obviously the immediate motive of the red-hunt. (It is encouraging to report that some people canceled their subscriptions and that the *Journal* lost some advertising.) Such stunts are primarily money-making propositions for Hearst newspapers, but they also constitute a serious menace to freedom of speech.

Syracuse, December 5 ALBERT V. FOWLER

Man's Inhumanity to Man

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

When I was in Prague in August I talked at length with Frau Erich Mühsam, wife of the Nazi-murdered, Socialist-pacifist writer, who had just crossed the border, a refugee from the land of her birth. Your readers are aware, of course, of the announcement from Berlin early in July to the effect that Erich Mühsam had "committed suicide" at the Oranienberg concentration camp. Needless to say, this was a lie! Erich Mühsam had told his wife never to believe that he would take his life.

He suffered unbelievable torture in the camp. On one occasion when Frau Mühsam visited him, his ears were swollen twice the normal size and he had lost his hearing. He had been "boxed" by the SA guards. Another time he was painted up grotesquely—red face and black Kaiser moustache—and sat against a wall. "There, we have made him pretty for you," the guards told his wife. She fainted. Later, she found both his thumbs broken as punishment for asking permission to write to her.

After June 30 the SA guards at the camp were replaced by the black-shirt secret police. Frau Mühsam took advantage of this shift and sought to lift the ban against her visits to her husband. She was granted a ten-minute interview on Sunday, July 8. The following Wednesday she was informed by the police that her husband had "committed suicide."

Here is the story which has come out of the camp from comrades close to Mühsam:

> Mühsam was called to the Commander's headquarters on July 9. "Well," said the Commander, "how long do you intend to live, Erich Mühsam?" "I hope a long time," Mühsam answered. To which the Commander replied: "If you do not make an end of it within two days we will help you do so." Mühsam went back to his quarters and distributed his belongings among his comrades. In the evening at seven o'clock he was again summoned by the Commander. He never returned and the following day his comrades found his body in the washroom—hanging by the neck.

The local medical authorities refused to issue a certificate of suicide!

I have just heard that Frau Mühsam is now in Paris, penniless. She has been living with friends here and there, first in Prague and now in Paris. Paris is overcrowded with refugees with no means of support and with no possibility of finding work; relief agencies are closing their doors to refugee applicants or advising them to return to Germany! May I call your readers' attention to Frau Mühsam's situation with a plea for funds to help her readjust herself and carry on? Money sent to me at 100 Fifth Avenue or to the editor of *The Nation* will be forwarded to her.

New York, December 6 LUCILLE B. MILNER

An Apology

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am informed that three Negro preachers returned fifty-dollar checks received from the Merriam headquarters. I owe these persons an apology. Of course many others, not regular preachers, did not receive such payments.

Pasadena, December 17 UPTON SINCLAIR

[In Upton Sinclair's article in *The Nation* of November 28 he stated that "on the Sunday before Election Day every Negro preacher in Los Angeles received $50 to preach a sermon against me . . ."]

Correction

[In our issue of November 21 we stated editorially that "corporate interest and dividend payments are estimated by the *Journal of Commerce* at $6,340,000,000 for 1934." The *Journal* points out that it has not yet made such a computation for the twelve months of 1934. The estimate of $6,340,000,000 was made by Middleton Black, an associate of Colston E. Warne, on the basis of reports of the *Journal of Commerce* for the first ten months of 1934. The estimate, in other words, was reliable, but it was not made by the *Journal of Commerce.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS has lived and traveled in Mexico for a great part of the past fifteen years and has written numerous books about the country and its people.

OSCAR JASZI, formerly Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi government of Hungary, now professor of economics at Oberlin College, recently made a journey of investigation through the Balkan and Danube countries.

HARRY L. GROSS, a Portland lawyer, devotes much of his time to the defense of arrested workers.

HERBERT SOLOW was managing editor of the daily strike bulletin issued during the Minneapolis drivers' strike last summer.

LEWIS COREY is the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism."

JOHN C. DE WILDE is a member of the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

GEORGE FORT MILTON is the editor of the Chattanooga *News* and the author of "The Eve of Conflict: Stephen A. Douglas and the Needless War."

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Labor and Industry

Vigilante Justice in Oregon

By HARRY L. GROSS

Portland, Oregon, November 28

I HAVE just returned from the court of Circuit Judge Jacob Kanzler, Multnomah County, where a sentence of seven years in the penitentiary was pronounced upon Dirk DeJonge, war veteran and Communist, who was convicted under the Oregon criminal-syndicalism law. DeJonge's actual offense was membership in the Communist Party. His legal dereliction consisted in "conducting . . . an assemblage of persons, to wit, the Communist Party . . . which . . . then and there taught and advocated the doctrines of criminal syndicalism and sabotage."

The arrest occurred at 68 S. W. Alder Street at a public meeting called by the Communist Party on July 27, during the longshoremen's strike, to protest against the brutal shooting by police of four unarmed striking pickets and against the unlawful raids by police and vigilantes. DeJonge was one of a number of speakers at this meeting, all of whom were arrested and charged with criminal syndicalism. These arrests, according to the State's own witnesses, were planned in the offices of the Citizens' Emergency League, a local vigilante group organized by the Chamber of Commerce during the strike. (This body, incidentally, requests of its applicants for membership information concerning their military training, experience with gas bombs, and the type and quantity of firearms they may possess.)

The State's chief witnesses were three vigilante members of the league who had heard no advocacy of force and violence at the meeting, but had listened instead to a vigorous denunciation of those methods as used by the police. They all testified that the meeting was public, open to everyone including themselves, attended by more than two hundred men, women, and children, and not a Communist Party meeting. The State also offered as its star witness a police officer, Bacon by name, who had at one time been a police undercover man in the Communist Party and who had previously been convicted in the municipal court of bootlegging and operating a still. Bacon is also a member of the C. E. L. and had arranged with officers of that body to see that raids and arrests took place at this meeting.

The State used Stanley (Larry) Doyle as a special prosecutor appointed to conduct these cases at the request of the Commanders' Council, a group of commanders of the local posts of the Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Spanish War Veterans, who are self-appointed in the council and are unaccountable to their respective memberships. Doyle was at one time national commander of the "40 and 8." It is understood that he is a former aviation officer. Doyle's demeanor in this case was characteristically that of the pseudo-patriotic legionnaire. He blustered and stormed at defense witnesses, questioned them concerning their war records, and otherwise conducted himself in a typical flag-waving manner. His utterances before the jury were highly prejudicial, but the judge, despite repeated requests, refused to admonish him. (The judge, I might add, is a former captain who served overseas; at present he is in the reserves and an active worker in the Legion and the V. F. W.) Time after time, during arguments upon objections and in the presence of the jury, Doyle referred to the defendant as a "rat," a dangerous radical, and a liar, without challenge by the judge.

The defense witnesses were workers, unemployed men, three Communists who testified about phases of Communist teaching, and a former major in the United States army. The latter, L. A. Milner, is a descendant of pioneers and a member of a well-to-do family. His presentation by the defense was a bombshell to the State. The Major has been an active worker in the League against War and Fascism. His overseas record, medals for distinguished service, war disablement, and thirty-two years' military experience made a deep impression upon those in the courtroom. Doyle, completely baffled by Milner's appearance and testimony, sought to insinuate that the Major's friendliness for the defendant was due to disgruntlement over the Economy Act and to irregularities in his accounts with the National Guard. Doyle was clearly "fishing," since no impeachment was offered to the Major's contemptuous denials.

At 11 p.m. on the evening following Milner's appearance on the witness stand a woman called at his residence and gave him a note requesting him to follow her to a designated address. Milner complied and was greeted there by Doyle, who without explaining the mysterious call proceeded to display friendliness and fellowship for a "buddy." After extended preliminaries Doyle began to reproach Milner for lowering his "social level" by testifying for and associating with those "rats," and offered to use his influence to find employment for him and to assist him in obtaining his officer's retirement pay.

Milner was called to the stand by the defense the following day and testified to the previous evening's encounter. Doyle betrayed his complete discomfiture by coloring to a deep purple, and offered strenuous objection to the admission of this testimony. After lengthy argument it was admitted, whereupon Doyle confessed the entire episode, corroborated the references to employment, "rats," and the rest, but denied that his motives were in any wise improper. Throughout the trial Doyle behaved like a bully, frequently threatening the defense attorneys with beatings and other violence.

The case was defended by the International Labor Defense, with Clifford O'Brien, Dan Hartley, Irvin Goodman, and myself as attorneys of record. I seemed most specifically to have incurred Doyle's dislike, for I was at least three times threatened by Doyle with a beating and was finally advised that he "quite impersonally" would arrange a term in the penitentiary for me. O'Brien and Hartley, who had not previously represented the I. L. D., were warned by Doyle to "keep their noses clean," and that it was to their best interest to refrain from representing the I. L. D. In short, Doyle exhibited every characteristic of a well-devel-

oped fascist—bullying, cowardice, uncouthness, lack of self-control.

I am advised that the jury on the first ballot stood six to six. From the second ballot to the conclusion of their deliberations the vote was eight to four in favor of conviction. After twenty-four hours and after again hearing the judge's instructions two of the jurors agreed to compromise in return for a unanimous agreement to recommend leniency. (In Oregon in criminal matters, except capital cases, only ten jurors need agree upon a verdict.) So DeJonge was found guilty by a vote of ten to two, with a recommendation for leniency. When the jury returned its verdict Judge Kanzler assured the members that, while not bound by the recommendation, he would follow it. Today he spared DeJonge the maximum penalty of ten years by sentencing him for seven—an interesting judicial interpretation of a jury's recommendation for lenient treatment.

Some years ago in the Boloff case, also arising under the criminal-syndicalism law, a jury likewise recommended leniency. The judge, now Congressman from this district, imposed the ten-year maximum, and Boloff died a year later of tuberculosis contracted in prison. All of Boloff's co-defendants were subsequently acquitted by juries. There are six more criminal-syndicalism cases to try at this time; it is to be hoped that the Boloff precedent is continued.

The terrorism which accompanied the longshoremen's strike in Portland was overshadowed by the events in San Francisco. Yet here, because no serious national notice has been attracted, all dissidents—Communists, I. W. W.'s, and even Socialists—have been denied the use of the streets and the elementary rights of expression, while the entire unemployed movement has been brutally terrorized.

Class War in Minnesota

By HERBERT SOLOW

THE strikes of General Drivers' Local 574 of Minneapolis have sharply stimulated Minnesota labor. Now that winter is here, 574's coal drivers are active again although no strike is indicated; the employers, recalling last February's lesson, are signing up pell-mell. Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth unions show membership gains, and the young Independent Union of All Workers reports new locals within and beyond the State.

More impressive testimony is offered by the recent walkout in Fargo, North Dakota, and Moorehead, Minnesota. In these "little twin cities" one teamsters' local embraces all the driving crafts. The milk drivers, who have worked unlimited hours seven days a week for an average wage of $13, decided to fight after seeing the results of the Minneapolis strikes. At their request, Local 574 sent one of its leaders, Miles Dunne, to serve as business agent and organizer. Dunne tightened the union, signed on recruits up to 600, and then presented demands. When the employers rejected them, the drivers walked out. Dunne was denounced as a foreigner, agitator, and Trotzkyist; he and others were jailed without bail for "inciting to riot."

A committee of leading "impartial citizens" proposed a truce during which arbitration might proceed. The strikers refused to discuss anything while union men remained in jail. Asked by the "impartial" committee to release Dunne and others, the prosecution replied that the State could be partner to no such arrangement. When the strikers threatened to spread the walkout to all driving crafts, the State suddenly discovered a way to release the prisoners. Arbitration by the Regional Labor Board resulted, a few hours before expiration of the ten-day truce, in a consent order which raised wages to $18 a week—a gain of 38½ per cent—for a six-day week of forty-eight hours. The bosses undertook to rehire without discrimination and to recognize seniority rights.

At a recent St. Paul conference about twenty-five A. F. of L. local leaders from all parts of Minnesota launched "a cooperative effort to bring about a realization of the following aims: "amalgamation and merger aimed at industrial unionism within the A. F. of L.; promotion of class solidarity and reciprocal aid in struggles; coordination in fighting anti-labor "law and order leagues," vigilantes and the like; promotion of working-class education with propagation of "the scientific truth that the aims and interests of the wage-worker are opposed to the aims and interests of the employer"; organization of the unemployed for the protection of unionism and the unemployed. It is a decade or more since such a balanced progressive program was drafted by representative A. F. of L. elements. Another indication of Minnesota trends is the stabilizing of the Central Council of Workers, the leading body representing the unemployed, which won organized labor's respect when it enrolled 7,000 unemployed for picket duty in the July strike.

Last week's meeting at St. Paul of delegates from eight States seeking to start a national Farmer-Labor movement is in itself evidence of deep popular revolt. Not a few workers, however, are disillusioned with the Farmer-Labor movement, especially in view of Governor Olson's strike record. The repudiation of the St. Paul eight-State conference by Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party chieftains—a reflection of the Roosevelt-Olson log-rolling agreement—has further angered left-wing Farmer-Laborites. Hitherto the left-wingers have had no channel of constructive expression; the Communist Party is so isolated that it had not one member at the progressive unionists' conference, and the Socialist Party State organization has just folded up. It is therefore significant that immediately after the fusion of the "Trotzkyites" and the American Workers' Party into the revolutionary Workers' Party of the United States the new organization drew in several dozen leading A. F. of L. militants with long records in the Farmer-Labor movement.

Facing such developments, the Citizens' Alliance, agency of the chain banks of the Northwest, has passed beyond wordy denunciations of "Trotzkyism," and has ordered the police to buy 150 new "riot" guns. It has also turned to that time-honored device for terrorizing labor, the frame-up. Several weeks ago Herman Hussman, a Farmer-Laborite and the business agent of the Machinists' Brotherhood, applied for citizenship. A paid agent of the Citizens' Alliance tried to prove that Hussman was once a radical and argued that he should be denied citizenship; a deportation plot loomed. When labor protested, that frame-up collapsed. On its heels came the arrest for murder of Emanuel Holstein, a Chippewa Indian truck driver and a leading spirit in Local 574. Holstein is charged with killing a wealthy manufacturer who died during the May drivers' strike after participating in an attack of special deputies on peaceful pickets. Several

days ago Philip Scott, an alleged mental defective, was thrown into jail drunk and has now been indicted. Detective Joe Burns, who had earlier sworn out the Holstein warrant, got from Scott a "confession" which exonerates Holstein but involves unnamed union leaders. However, the Holstein charge stands. Neither charge is backed by serious evidence.

On Local 574's proposal, almost every Minneapolis A. F. of L. local, plus the railroad brotherhoods, joined in a defense committee which has already won one victory: the milk drivers having put up their headquarters as security, Holstein became the first man in Minnesota history to get bail under a murder charge. The Minneapolis *Labor Review,* an official A. F. of L. organ, characterizes the frame-up as a plot against the working class, proclaims that "labor is in an ugly mood," and calls for militant united resistance. It looks as though Police Chief "Bloody Mike" Johannes, despite a powerful will to please the Citizens' Alliance, had blundered with his contradictory warrants. Should the Alliance press the frame-up, it will have hard going. Holstein —or the union leaders—would put the employers in the dock, and the case might assume Sacco-Vanzetti or Mooney proportions. As long as Minnesota labor maintains its present mood, however, the outcome will not be martyrdom.

Labor Notes

"Reinstated"

WEIRTON, Houde, the Jennings case—these are celebrated examples of what happens to workers who depend on Section 7-a to protect them in their jobs. Lest anyone should harbor the soothing idea that the general run of employers are more kindly disposed toward collective bargaining than steel barons and publishers, we print below an assortment of items culled from the Federated Press in the course of a few weeks.

The First Two Reinstatements Don't Count

Ralph Knox, fired by the Trenton (Tennessee) Mills in August, 1933, for labor activity, has again been ordered reinstated. If the company does not comply, the case will be referred to the compliance division of the NRA.

Herbert Shephard, officer of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, previously discharged twice by the Alden Mills and ordered reinstated in each case by the Regional Labor Board, has again been fired.

The findings of fact on the strike of the Metal Polishers' Local No. 7 against the Winters and Crampton Manufacturing Company, Grandville, Michigan, have been made final by the National Labor Relations Board. About 200 workers struck on May 25. The company failed to comply with recommendations of the Detroit Regional Labor Board, announced August 22, that it reinstate striking workers.

Pearl Lawhorn was fired on February 12 by the Wabash Fiber Box Company of Terre Haute, Indiana, for union activities. This was fully established at a hearing before the Indianapolis Regional Board, and it ruled on April 12 that he should be reinstated. In November he was still out of the job and now the national board also has ordered him reinstated.

Raymond Arnold was discharged by the General Printing Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana, a day after a conference with company officials in which he represented the workers in a wage and hour agreement. The company refused to appear at any labor-board hearings on the case. Arnold lost his job in July and was still kept out of it at the end of November, despite labor-board decisions ordering his reinstatement, to which the N. L. R. B. has now added its order.

You Can't Eat Blue Eagles

Virgil Reneau lost his job thirteen months ago for union activity. Within the past year he has taken his case to all the agencies under the NRA. Now the case is "settled": the firm that fired him has lost the Blue Eagle, and Reneau is still without a job.

The workers of the Eagle Rubber Company, Ashland, Ohio, lost their jobs in November, 1933, when they went on strike because the company refused to bargain with them collectively. Thirteen months later, in December, 1934, the firm was deprived of the Blue Eagle for refusing to reinstate them.

The Carl Pick Manufacturing Company, West Bend, Wisconsin, fired eleven workers for union activity early last summer and refused to rehire other workers who went on strike in protest against their dismissal. This company has just lost the right to use the Blue Eagle.

The Sad Tale of a Company Union

G. E. Beers, local chairman of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, company union of the Southeast Portland Lumber Company, asked for a wage increase for H. W. Martin, another member of the "Four L's," as the company union was called. Martin was fired. "After vainly seeking relief through the Four L's for what he believed to be an unjustified dismissal," says the N. L. R. B. decision, "Martin made a formal complaint to the local compliance officer." The only apparent result was that Beers too was fired the next day. Both Beers and Martin have been ordered reinstated. The Four L's union has given up its charter.

Criminal Proceedings

A FEDERAL grand jury has brought in an indictment of seventy-two counts against the Gulf Refining Company on charges of violating the labor provisions of the Recovery Act. This is the first time that the Department of Justice has initiated criminal proceedings against a recalcitrant employer. It is unfortunate, however, that the Gulf Refining suit shies away from the underlying issues: namely, that the employer, by refusing to recognize or deal with a representative trade union, drove his workers into a strike; that the employer, by recruiting a new staff of strike-breakers, smashed the walkout; that since the walkout was smashed, the former strikers have been locked out. The charges against the Gulf Refining Company, although substantial, are none the less technical. It is maintained by the government that for two weeks, while the plant was catching up with accumulated orders, the employer required the strike-breakers to work longer hours than the code permits. But if the company was in fact guilty of this breach of the code, that guilt was only incidental to a much deeper wrong. Can the government ever be brought to realize that the labor provisions of the codes would virtually enforce themselves if employers could be brought face to face with the *fait accompli* of trade-union organization among their workers?

Books, Drama, Films

Veblen and Marx

Essays in Our Changing Order. By Thorstein Veblen. Edited by Leon Ardzrooni. The Viking Press. $3.

VEBLEN was the greatest American thinker in the social sciences. Yet all he could become, in our institutions of higher learning, was an unimportant assistant professor of economics. For Veblen was a rebel, beside whom other academic "rebels" were as cooing doves. He battered down the imposing edifice of apologetics which passed for economic theory among the *Akademiker* and made devastating attacks on most of the important aspects of capitalism—or, in Veblen's terminology, the system of business enterprise—including a brilliant criticism of the higher learning. The alert guardians of that institution answered him with neglect, persecution, and ostracism.

This new book is a collection of thirty-three of Veblen's articles, written from his earliest years to 1925. Their wide range is characteristic of his varied interests and learning, while some of them are the beginnings of subsequent larger works. The war essays are the least significant. Veblen's intelligence broke down in an acceptance of "the war to make the world safe for democracy." But he indulged in none of the obscene hysterics of the academic war-mongers and he recovered quickly after the peace. The experience broadened his perspectives; it turned him from mere social criticism to consideration of social reorganization. Veblen's post-war writings, unlike the pre-war, are oriented toward revolutionary change, a shift which appears clearly, in this book, in his truly sympathetic and penetrating articles on Russian Bolshevism.

To call Veblen, as some have done, the American Marx is wide of the mark. Not only was Marx the bigger man, the more original and creative thinker, but the two were sharply antagonistic in their philosophy and social approach, in spite of many suggestive resemblances. (The antagonism is fundamental; to soften and merge the differences between them results, as in the study by Abram L. Harris, in distorting their individual quality and contribution.) Veblen rejected Marxism; his criticism of it reveals him at his worst. He explained its postulates, incompletely, and simply asserted: "Nothing much need be said as to their tenability." In some cases he was later forced to retract his criticism, indirectly. In the 1900's he denounced the Marxist theory of increasing misery; yet in the 1920's he wrote that modern economic development "will result in a progressively widening margin of deficiency in the aggregate material output and a progressive shrinkage of the available means of life . . . converging to an eventual limit of tolerance in the way of a reduced subsistence minimum."

Veblen stigmatized Marxism as "romantic" and an expression of "natural rights." But his one proof of the latter criticism was wrong, for Marx never urged the "natural right" of labor to its "full product." And Marxism was necessarily romantic to Veblen, who transferred to the field of history and society the naturalistic determinism of Darwinism, "a scheme of blindly cumulative causation," in his own words, "essentially mechanical." (Darwinism, which others erected into a system of social apologetics, was turned by Veblen into the means for the most fundamental and destructive social criticism by any American scholar.) Unlike Marx, Veblen neglected the factors of consciousness and purposive struggle, in spite of his emphasis on the psychological approach to the study of culture. In the light of the mechanics of the naturalistic determinism of Darwinism he criticized the dynamics of the social determinism of dialectic materialism because they "make the movement of social progress move on the spiritual plane of human desire and passion, not on the (literally) material plane of mechanical and physiological stress." Veblen stressed the technological and the occupational, a fruitful approach but limited in scope and results; both are included in the larger Marxist conception, which stresses, however, the class-economic. Veblen's mechanical materialism makes social change "a drift of habituation" to new conditions; but this, in spite of its element of truth, cannot explain how man, habituated to the old order, may revolt and create the new, which involves the reciprocal action of the material and the conscious, of practice and theory. The American rebel's Olympian detachment and irony were not mere personal qualities; they arose out of his application to society of naturalistic determinism, for acceptance of "blindly cumulative causation" imposes detachment upon the thinker and irony upon the sensitive human being. Veblen's philosophy is incapable of rallying a purposive movement to remake the world.

Veblen triumphantly argued that the revisionist socialists were "amending" Marxism "to bring it into consonance with the current scientific point of view." But what he meant by scientific were the postulates of the mechanical materialism of Darwinism (transcended by Marx), which were not necessarily applicable to society and which, moreover, science itself now rejects. The revisionists, and most of their "orthodox" opponents, substituted for dialectic materialism a mechanical "scientific" conception of social progress, resembling naturalistic determinism and neglecting the reciprocal action of the material and the conscious. This development expressed and justified, particularly in Germany, a process of reformist "habituation" to capitalism which was considered a "growing into" socialism. Abandonment of the dynamics of Marxism, of the *purposive* revolutionary struggle, led to catastrophe. Veblen himself points out in one of the articles in this book that the reformist socialists, who depended upon the "obsolescence" of capitalist ownership "by force of natural law [good mechanical materialism, that!] have now come to an exasperated realization that Bolshevism is putting that orthodox preconception out of joint."

The superstructural aspects of society absorbed most of Veblen's thinking, and necessarily, for his philosophy prevented consistent analysis of the underlying dynamic forces of social development. He foresaw "the natural decay of business enterprise," but it does not proceed in accord with his fundamental postulates—as it does in the case of Marx. Technology is only one factor, and it is conditioned by its more decisive social relations. Veblen is brilliant in his exploration of the conflict between the pecuniary and the technical, business and industry; but the conflict has always characterized capitalist enterprise—why was it formerly accompanied by the upswing of capitalism and now by decline? The penetrating study of absentee ownership does not implement its significance as a new stage of capitalism and an objective transition to socialism. Magnificent as is "The Theory of the Leisure Class," it considers only the cultural aspects of the ruling class, not its determining character and function in social development. The concept of vested interests has real value for superstructural analysis, but Veblen does not sharply distinguish between major and minor interests and their relative importance, nor does he recognize the concept's limitations in terms of the more general and decisive class interests and class struggle.

Mere superstructural analysis, however great its value, cannot adequately serve the ends of a program of action. Veblen himself, when he began to consider problems of social reorganization, had to explore ideas and movements outside the range of his own philosophy—the I. W. W., Bolshevism. Hence his "progressive" claimants vulgarize Veblen. It was the institutional economists whom he had primarily in mind when, in 1925, he wrote of the developing "science of business traffic, imbued

with a spirit of devotion to things as they are shaping themselves under the paramount exigencies of absentee ownership considered as a working system." Veblen speculated, wrongly, on the possibility of technicians becoming a dominant revolutionary force, but the Technocrats forget that he also said the technicians "must be backed by the aggressive support of the trained working force engaged in transportation and the great primary industries." He saw the elements of social change, not in the public or the consumers, but in "the classes employed in the industrial occupations" as against those in the "pecuniary occupations." Veblen sympathized with Bolshevism, which he characterized as "a menace to the vested interests, and to nothing and no one else," foresaw a revolutionary movement of "the underlying population under something like the Red Flag," and insisted that it is necessary to "disallow" and "cancel"—that is, expropriate—all the rights of absentee ownership.

Veblen transcended many of the limitations of his philosophy, which, moreover, has elements of real value in the superstructural analysis of institutions. American Marxists should pierce through the mechanical materialism, the circumlocutions, and the shortcomings of Veblen to the core of his substantial contribution—to criticize, discard, and absorb. This is particularly important as Marxism, by and large, has neglected superstructural analysis, which, in addition to its necessity for the understanding of reciprocal social action, is of the utmost significance in the construction of a socialist society—particularly its cultural aspects. Lenin considered the bureaucracy a major problem of socialist construction. Veblen throws a flood of light upon several phases of the problem: the tendency of socialist bureaucracy and its allies to acquire vested interests and some of the general cultural characteristics—e. g., invidious distinctions and conspicuous consumption—of a "leisure" class. And Veblen's analysis of the instinct of workmanship has much to contribute to the theory and creation of a labor culture.

LEWIS COREY

Germany and the Saar

The Saar Struggle. By Michael T. Florinsky. The Macmillan Company. $2.

SINCE the appearance of this book, the agreements concluded by France and Germany at Rome and the decision of the League of Nations to dispatch an international force to police the Saar have removed the widespread apprehension that the plebiscite which is to determine the fate of this region on January 13 might produce a serious Franco-German conflict. Nevertheless, interest in the plebiscite as a test of the strength of German National Socialism remains; so Dr. Florinsky's excellent study has lost none of its timeliness.

To understand Germany's almost passionate demand for the reacquisition of the Saar one must go back, as Dr. Florinsky does, to the Treaty of Versailles and the territory's subsequent and not altogether happy experiences with international government. The Saar was separated from the Reich in direct violation of the Fourteen Points. While France was unable to make good its claims for annexation, it did obtain ownership of the coal mines in reparation for those destroyed by German armies in northern France, and had the territory placed under the control of the League of Nations subject to a plebiscite at the end of fifteen years. Under the League regime the Saar has been spared the suffering of post-war Germany and enjoyed a relatively large degree of prosperity, yet its population has not, until recently at least, appreciated the "blessings" of international government. All the political parties from the Communists to the Nationalists, as Dr. Florinsky points out, were united in opposition to what they contemptuously called "nigger" or "colonial" government. Relations between the people and the Governing Commission were marked by almost ceaseless conflicts. Nor was this entirely the fault of the commission, for that body—with the possible exception of the period before 1926 when a nationalist Frenchman, M. Rault, was its chairman—strove for the most part sincerely to conciliate the inhabitants. League rule was simply felt to be foreign domination and an insult to the German character of the inhabitants.

Dr. Florinsky shows how in the last two years this unanimous opposition to League government has yielded to an embittered struggle between adherents and opponents of the Third Reich. Socialists and Communists, dismayed by the ruthless suppression of the labor movement in Nazi Germany, are now openly campaigning for the retention of the status quo. They are supported by a group of Catholics who cannot square their religious convictions with the principles of National Socialism. Aligned against them are all the former bourgeois parties who have been "coordinated" in a German Front which, despite its supposedly non-partisan character, is dominated by Nazi elements. To this internecine strife the Franco-German issue has become almost entirely subordinated. In fact, no organized group within the territory is working for union with France. The small vote which might have been cast for France a few years ago is now generally expected to favor the status quo. What will be the outcome? Dr. Florinsky ventures no definite prophecy, but he intimates, on the basis of an entire summer spent in the Saar, that the scales favor the advocates of reunion with Germany.

Perhaps the only part of the book with which one might quarrel is that relating to the so-called "terror" exercised by the German Front. Dr. Florinsky dismisses as "trivial and harmless" the documents seized by authorities at the offices of that organization and used by the Governing Commission to prove that various forms of illegal pressure have been used to intimidate opponents of Hitlerism. The reviewer, after a careful examination of the documentary evidence, cannot agree with this judgment. The close supervision maintained over almost every Saar inhabitant by the German front, which watches the papers he reads, the meetings he attends, and the flags he flies, amounts to a form of pressure which, when added to threats of what may happen "after 1935," becomes well-nigh irresistible to timid people. Dr. Florinsky admits, in fact, that "the indirect or latent pressure is immense."

JOHN C. DE WILDE

Romance of Paris

My Next Bride. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ON page 165 of Kay Boyle's new novel you will find the name of Dillinger. This is just about as astonishing as it would be to encounter a reference to Senator Borah in the New Testament. Up to that very page of her account of the gay, sad artists, the rich New York playboys, the exiled Russian noblewomen who live so spicily together in Paris, I had thought Miss Boyle understood that she was writing a "period" novel. I was too kind. Incredible as it may seem, Miss Boyle here recounts the goofy doings of Harry Crosby and Caresse, Raymond Duncan and the young Kay Boyle, all tactfully disguised under other names, exactly as if their world still existed today. When I use the word "goofy"—and I can find none more suitable—I am speaking of the reader's probable attitude, not the author's. Miss Boyle ponders upon the antics of the sandaled Duncan, the egomaniac Crosby, the womanly Caresse, with a heavy, yearning seriousness that suggests that these were people of some importance. I have never known any of these

persons in the flesh, but I am certain that the puppets to whom Miss Boyle gives their attributes are exactly as alive and exactly as important as the characters in a tabloid tale of scandal in high society. To push the comparison further, one frequently does the tabloid artist the honor of suspecting that he writes with his tongue in his cheek. No one will accuse Miss Boyle of such a piece of hypocrisy. There are, to be sure, a few clumsy intimations that there is something faintly comic about Duncan-Sorel's dancing classes, but these are Miss Boyle's only ventures into what might be called satire. In general, the miseries, fornications, and abortions of her characters are invested with such glamor, such elegant artistic romance, that an unusually gullible reader might be moved by her story to go to Paris and suffer likewise.

Miss Boyle's much-touted modern prose cannot save her anachronistic novel from the category of peep-hole, wish-fulfilment literature into which it inevitably falls. Her exaggerated attention to detail, the pretentious intensity of her writing, may antagonize readers who would naturally be attracted by the subject matter of her book. Yet to all who wish that Michael Arlen would publish another, to adolescents and curious spinsters, I recommend "My Next Bride." They ought not to be discouraged by the apparent novelty of her style, for they will find her point of view fundamentally sound.

MARY MCCARTHY

The Life of Lee

R. E. Lee. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two Volumes. $7.50.

THE Civil War, the greatest single episode in our American history, continues to be a magnet for the historian seeking in the past the key to the present. Perhaps it was not an accident that the two great figures of that war were a Northern politician who read the human heart as have few other American Presidents and a soldier, symbol of the finest elements of the South, who proclaimed duty the noblest word in the English language. Both men invite an attempt to penetrate the exterior record, because both had such structural complexity of character that in them almost any historian can find reflections of his own particular point of view.

Dr. Freeman's two volumes on Lee, constituting the first half of his monumental work on the South's greatest warrior, start with his birth at Stratford and end with "Stonewall" Jackson's dying words after Chancellorsville. The last two volumes, due to appear in February, will carry us from Gettysburg to Appomattox and the resulting desolation that was called peace. While Dr. Freeman is a newspaper editor, he has since 1915 struggled with the problems and shared in the decisions of the great Virginian. The printed page reveals this labor of love. The result is definitive. Of course there can be other interpretations of Lee's spirit, a different accent on some facet of his strategy, but the facts themselves have been unearthed and shrewdly appraised. The picture of Lee is built up from the foundations. Little incidents are inserted with nice proportion so that one sees the Lee of the Civil War as the logical and inevitable successor to the Lee who was staff captain for Winfield Scott from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec. One notes how often in Lee's early life responsibilities fell upon him, how uncomplainingly he assumed them, and how strong his shoulders grew under the strain. One gets rare glimpses of his great love for his family, for he was a man of strong emotions firmly controlled.

Lee's abilities, like Lincoln's, were almost undisclosed when Sumter was fired on. Lincoln's growth came about through the obligation put upon him of shaping national policies to save the Union. Lee's growth, necessarily, was in the narrower field of army organization and battle strategy. His first campaign in western Virginia was almost a total failure, but he learned much from this experience, and his succeeding tour of duty in South Carolina gave him valuable training in using interior railroad lines for troop concentration and in the technique of the spade. His brief service as military adviser to Jefferson Davis gave him many unhappy hours. The Confederate President, immensely jealous of any encroachment on his own constitutional prerogatives, was determined to be himself the sole coordinator of Confederate effort. His failure in this vital task, largely because of temperamental deficiencies, was a great factor in the eventual but by no means inevitable defeat of the attempt at secession.

In June, 1862, when Lee became the commander of the armies defending Richmond, his campaign against McClellan served as a postgraduate course in the soldier's self-education. His strategy was superb, but his tactics of application had grave imperfections. Not only were the Confederate maps all wrong, but Lee asked relatively untrained commands and staffs to execute complicated maneuvers, which did not succeed. Otherwise, Dr. Freeman thinks, the Confederates might have destroyed McClellan's army while it sought to change its base. Here also Lee learned another important lesson; thereafter his tactics were as simple and as suitable as was his strategy. At Chancellorsville, probably Lee's greatest battle, his audacity was at its greatest, as it had need to be because there the odds against him were so overwhelming; it had its reward in a Federal rout which, but for the wounding of "Stonewall" Jackson and A. P. Hill, might have been a second Cannae.

Dr. Freeman's life of Lee has so many merits that it will stand as one of the great American biographies. The lucid style, seldom dull, occasionally has sparkling life. But even so, vigorous compression might have saved much space without loss of vital detail or illuminating portraiture. The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows. It would seem, too, that the author has dealt too kindly with President Davis and that General Joseph E. Johnston was really an abler strategist and soldier than Dr. Freeman makes him out to be. One might feel likewise that there has been some over-use of the device of telling the story almost exclusively from Lee's own standpoint. The reader is given, at any precise stage of a battle or campaign, only the information which Lee himself had at the moment. This focuses Lee's problem for the reader, yields a sense of present tense participation, and reveals Lee's full picture. The battles, however, are only half-outlined. The circumstances which led Pope into his blunders at Second Bull Run, McClellan's failure at Antietam to commit Fitzjohn Porter's corps to a victory-giving thrust, the apparent paralysis of will which afflicted "Fighting Joe" Hooker at Chancellorsville—these should go into the picture of Lee's campaigns, for they are an essential part of the truth. These criticisms, however, are minor. Lee's life demands an enormous canvas and Dr. Freeman has filled it well.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Ten Young Poets

Ten Introductions. Edited by Genevieve Taggard and Dudley Fitts. Arrow Editions. $2.

IN sponsoring the work of ten poets between the ages of seventeen and thirty-two, none of whom has yet published a book, Miss Taggard and Mr. Fitts disclaim any intention of establishing a new school or of recruiting for an old. Their purpose is declared to be simply that of indicating "possible fresh sources of poetry."

The principle which guided the editors in making their

choice appears to have been that of technical competence. All the poems are free from anything which, by contemporary poetic etiquette, could be considered scandalous. They avoid two of the commonest pitfalls of beginners, hackneyed language and grandiose rhythms. Most of the writers agree also in a flair for remote metaphor, such as has been fostered by the current vogue of the metaphysical.

Robert Fitzgerald's poems are the most ingenious of the lot and also the most difficult. His striking, out-of-the-way images are pressed into the service of a particularly numbing type of introspection:

> If any man has despaired, and held his tongue
> Over short-circuited life and death, his honor
> Prevails in itself, inviolable there.
> Hurricane warnings offer a kind of humor.
>
> We who are lapped in the small yellow flames
> Of our past days, the sinews of that man,
> Acknowledge comets dispatched in the galaxy,
> A chorus trained more simply than our own . . .

Echoes of T. S. Eliot are very insistent in his work, and there are suggestions of the earlier Hart Crane. Theodore Spencer displays a pleasing fantasy and powers of psychological observation. His Trilogy: Part I, a modern version of the "Inferno," treats a serious subject with some profundity. Perhaps the most engaging of the group is James Neugass, who writes straightforwardly and with wit, in cadences that are sometimes prosaic. Lincoln Kirstein's brisk conversational rhythms, which recall Auden and Day Lewis, are expended on a Grand Guignol subject. The contributions of the other six—Edward Richardson Frost, Brooks Jenkins, Mary Prescott Rice, Don Stanford, Geoffrey Stone, and Elsa Voorhees—are hardly more than promising undergraduate exercises.

The volume as a whole shows that, for better and for worse, Mr. Eliot's influence still dominates a considerable section of our young poets. There is some danger that in employing the subtleties of his method to exploit trivial moods and petty ironies they will establish a new decorum characterized by preciosity and sterility. The editors, nevertheless, have performed a valuable service in encouraging these writers. Any one of them who acquires convictions and enlarges his scope of interests may develop into a poet of importance; although, as matters stand, they inspire less confidence than others who are cruder but have more to say.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Isaac Newton as Human Being

Isaac Newton. By Louis Trenchard More. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

BACK in 1855 Sir David Brewster wrote his "Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton," which from that year till this has been the standard biography of the great scientist. Brewster wrote when patriotic fervor was as heated as it is at present; the days of hero-worship had not yet drawn to a close; and Brewster himself was swayed by an excessively uncritical admiration of Newton. Newton appears in his pages not only as the mathematical and experimental genius without a peer; his character and conduct are unblemished in every respect; he is presented as the sainted ideal of human excellence, little short of divinity. Dean More has debunked Newton with considerable success. He has been able to uncover little material that was not available to Brewster, but he has made use of those sources which Brewster suppressed in the interest of Newton's good reputation, and he has evaluated all the records with the sober, critical judgment which honest history demands.

The discoverer of universal gravitation emerges from this more critical analysis with his mathematical brilliance unscathed and his insight into the essence of sound scientific method as clear and original as ever. He appears to have been able to solve almost any soluble problem practically at sight, and in a day when even experimental scientists conceived the purpose of science to be to lay bare the hidden essence of the forces of nature, Newton saw, with a lucidity hitherto unexemplified, that their mathematical properties revealed in motion were all that could objectively be reached and all that the inquiring mind really demanded.

But as a human being, and especially in his relationships with other scientists and philosophers, this real genius, as a result of Dean More's investigations, cuts a much sorrier figure. With younger scientific friends whom he could treat as subordinates or assistants he displayed a lofty, pontifical courtesy not unmixed with a certain generous and kindly encouragement. But with his equals he was inordinately sensitive, jealous, demanding, and proud; at best he was careless of their rights and property; by his closest friends he had to be handled with kid gloves. And when, even though unjustly, his anger was once aroused against a fellow-scientist, he resorted to ruthless and merciless cruelty. Against the great astronomer Flamsteed, who had given him the most generous and ungrudging assistance, and against Leibnitz, who in the early years of their relationship, at least, had requited jealous secretiveness about the calculus with friendly frankness, he displayed a calculating unscrupulousness that is probably without parallel in the history of modern science.

Even in matters more closely limited in their bearing to his own scientific achievements Newton showed some qualities that would not be entirely approved by our present code of scientific ethics. He seems to have regarded his discoveries entirely as his own personal property, and would very likely not have published any of the important ones had it not been for the insistent goading of his friends and the fear that otherwise his intellectual magnitude would not be properly respected. Moreover, as soon as he was subjected to any criticism, his interest in science almost evaporated; he came to regard it as a burdensome taskmaster, to be avoided except when pride in his powers was touched; he turned to history and theology for his intellectual satisfactions; and he began to pull strings very early toward securing a political sinecure which would enable him to enjoy a generous income without hard work and live as a gentleman should amid fashionable society.

The debunking apparently should have gone a little farther still, for even Dean More is sometimes inclined to soften his readers' natural judgment on Newton without supporting evidence. Newton, it appears, was on one occasion at least an unlucky speculator in stocks. Shortly before the famous South Sea bubble was pricked, in 1720, he transferred into common stock in the company a considerable sum which had been invested in government annuities issued as security for loans by the company. In this venture he lost at least a third of his total estate, which at the time of his death amounted to about £32,000. The reader looks in vain for the evidence on which Newton's present biographer attributes to him more attractive motives than those which influence the ordinary speculator. The same uncertainty troubles him when following Dean More's treatment of the traditional gossip about Newton. Some of this gossip he accepts, other parts he rejects as mere mythology; where the ground for decision lies is not always clear.

To emphasize these matters, however, would be ungracious. The author has spent seven long years on this biography; he has investigated all of the relevant material he could locate; his evaluation is temperate and judicious; he makes Newton live before us as an understandable, if not too appealing, human being. The world of scholarship is deeply indebted to him.

E. A. BURTT

Shorter Notices

The First Year of the Revolution. By Allen French. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

This is a sequel to the same author's study of Lexington and Concord; it continues the history of the Revolution down to the evacuation of Boston by the British a year later. The book is based on a comprehensive study of all the available materials, including the collections of documents at the Clements Library of the University of Michigan, which have not previously been used by historians, and is considerably more elaborate and detailed than any previous work covering the same ground. The general tone is filio-pietistic, and Mr. French's references to more recent events will annoy his liberal readers; but the book is well written—its characterizations of the various British and American leaders are particularly good—and both sides are treated fairly. Mr. French arrives at no very novel conclusions, but his book is an invaluable mine of material.

Strong Man Rules. By George N. Shuster. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

It is difficult to keep step with happenings in Nazi Germany, as many an author in the last two years has found to his sorrow. George N. Shuster, the well-known editor of the Catholic periodical *Commonweal,* is no exception. "Strong Man Rules" was written in the early spring but did not see the light of publication until after June 30 had relegated the SA trooper, the "strong man" of Mr. Shuster's lively description of German conditions, very unceremoniously to the rear. The purging of the Brown Shirts brought about a not unimportant readjustment of the elements of power in the Reich. The Nazi militia was emasculated; the Reichswehr stepped into its place; and the heavy industries wielded the scepter which a week before had theoretically if not actually rested in the hands of those who ruled the National Socialist Party. It speaks well for "Strong Man Rules" that these important, almost fundamental, changes detract so little from its value. The author's criticism of the policies pursued by the various political parties of the pre-Hitler era which made Hitlerism possible, perhaps inevitable, is an excellent arraignment of Germany's political leaders. His analysis of National Socialist racial policies and his picture of the economic background of neo-German anti-Semitism and Nazi imperialism carry conviction because they show these policies as the logical outcome of well-nigh intolerable conditions. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Shuster permitted his antagonism to Soviet Russia and the Communist movement to distort what would otherwise have been an objective and vivid presentation of the German problem.

The Sex Life of the Unmarried Adult. By Ira S. Wile, M.D. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Here is official recognition that the unmarried adult has a sex life. The book is a symposium, and as may be expected, there is a great variation in the value of the different contributions. Robert L. Dickinson gives an excellent discussion of the medical aspects of the problem. Also of great value is Margaret Mead's anthropological contribution. Robert M. Lovett has written a delightful essay on the Sex Life of the Unmarried Adult in English Literature. Some of the other chapters, unfortunately, are extremely wordy and labored. Altogether the book is more important as a symbol of awakened interest and freedom of expression than for any new data it presents.

[In *The Nation* of December 12 the price of "The Coming American Revolution," by George Soule, was listed as $1.50. The correct price is $2.50.]

Drama

Red—and White and Blue

TWO revolutions came in for dramatic discussion last week when the Theater Union had something to say about the mutinous sailors of Cattaro at the very time that the Guild was unfolding Maxwell Anderson's story of the dark days at Valley Forge. Both plays, I should say, were essentially romantic, but they were certainly in two different traditions—Mr. Anderson going in for patriotism of the good old-fashioned kind while the acting company of the Union waved the red flag against a grim modernistic setting without caring to remember that flag-waving is flag-waving no matter what grand old rag is unfolded to the breeze. Nor could I, for one, keep myself from reflecting how like as two peas any two patriotisms turn out to be in the injunctions to which they lead as well as in the quality of the emotions they arouse. Patriots begin by longing for happiness and peace; they want to go home to their farms, their families, or their girls. But somehow or other that always turns out to be the last thing they are expected to do, and sooner or later the Great Leader—Washington or "Commandant" Rasch—lets the cat out of the bag: a cause is something you die for. Sweet and proper it is to die for one's country—or, if you prefer, for one's class.

Let me hasten to add that these doubtless unworthy reflections are in no way intended to reflect on "Sailors of Cattaro" as a play, which, indeed, I found an absorbing work and quite the best thing that its sponsors have offered in the way of revolutionary drama. Less continuously violent and less generally rambunctious than "Stevedore," it is, nevertheless, work on a higher level, and the story which it tells of an abortive mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war is rich with many values, human as well as revolutionary. That its author Friedrich Wolf, now a German refugee in Russia, chose to use it to point a Communist moral may or may not be a further fact in its favor, but at the very least it is nothing to which I as a critic can object, and my business is to say that he has done an admirable job. If our friends of the Union are right, if the drama of the future is the drama of social protest, then may all the protesters write with the persuasive force of Herr Wolf, and may their plays be acted and produced with the skill and sincerity granted this one on Fourteenth Street.

Nor, may I add, do I see any reason why the proponents of such drama need ever in the future be satisfied with bad work which happens to point their way. Let them, if they like, insist that every play shall have, as "Sailors of Cattaro" certainly does, its moments of moralizing as well as its moments when the good old methods are used to achieve the good old effects. If their audiences demand and need their opportunities to hiss a villain or cheer a hero, then let the audiences have them. Shakespeare did and so did Belasco. But if they want, besides, to draw into their theater the yet unconverted, then let them demand also that these unconverted be given something which even the heathen can recognize as truth. I am not, I hope, on the side of the oppressors, but I might be a great deal less sympathetic than I am with protest and rebellion without ceasing to find a good deal to praise in "Sailors of Cattaro." These rebels are men who suffer and struggle and die. Their effort to link their sufferings with the sufferings of others and to find in the red flag a symbol of their cause is a human effort. And Herr Wolf, whatever his own convictions may be and however completely he has identified his mind with theirs, has managed somehow to avoid that dreadful two-dimensional flatness which makes so many plays with a purpose palpable card-

board to anyone not seated on the author's own line of vision. Perhaps the reason is merely that he has seen more, or even that he *is* more, than most of our dramatic journalists of the left. In any event he has written a good play and got a good production.

As I have already suggested, Mr. Anderson's "Valley Forge" (Guild Theater) is romantic historical drama of the full-dress variety. It is lighted by some genuine humor, and it is written throughout in a flowing, accomplished, almost too consistently literary language. Nevertheless, it remains, despite the intelligent thesis which it carries and despite the accompaniment of a certain serious purpose, primarily "theater" of an easy, fluid, entertaining sort so old as to seem almost new. Mr. Anderson, indeed, might almost have learned the general outlines of his technique from any romantic drama of our fathers' time, for he uses the same touches of comic relief, the same passages of purple sentiment placed at strategic points, the same sure-fire appeal of ragged loyalty, and the same soul-satisfying little wrangle between pompous dignity and the impulsive backwoodsman which have delighted the ears of every generation since Dunlap founded the American drama. There is even a lady disguised in the red pants of the British, and there is no reason that there should not be, but there is also no reason for failing to state that "Valley Forge" is a drama as romantic in an old-fashioned way as "Sailors of Cattaro" is romantic in a newer one.

Since the American Revolution lies in the past, not the future, Mr. Anderson is not permitted to claim too much for it. When the remnants of Washington's army pledge their lives to the failing cause, one knows from experience just what was lost and what was won, but when the cowed sailors of Cattaro secretly hide in their bosoms the red flag which has just been hauled down from the mast, their act is as significant as one is capable of believing the future to be. And when Mr. Anderson came to write the curtain line for General Washington he had in mind, I suspect, both the cynics who doubt everything and the fervents of communism who believe in nothing except their own fresh faith. Do revolutions gain nothing when they do not gain everything, or are we perhaps too familiar with what the embattled farmers really did win to remember that we have it at all? "Liberty" as it was understood in 1776 is not much regarded today. And so, as the curtain descends, Washington turns from his ragged army to say: "This liberty will look easy by and by when nobody dies to get it."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Prayers for a President

IT is not unusual for the films to reflect recent historical events, but it is something of a novelty when they anticipate them. Whether it was another example of the manner in which life copies art or a mere coincidence, "The President Vanishes" (Paramount) launched its attack on the war profiteers almost a week before President Roosevelt announced his intention to give those gentlemen a good talking to one of these days. This is one of those pictures, like "Gabriel over the White House," which endeavors to stir the American public to an interest in matters social and economic by threatening some great national crisis in the near future. Europe is at war and forces are at work to draw the United States into the conflict by the same means that were used to draw us into the last war, and for the same purposes. All these forces are gathered together at a dinner party given by a prominent Washington lobbyist, whose charming wife provides us with a brief dossier of each of them in turn—the banker, the oil magnate, the newspaper-syndicate owner, the ex-judge, and the munitions maker—and points out their common resemblance to an unmentioned species of bird. For its hard-boiled irony and concentration of the relevant truth this scene is much the best in the film; and it need not be remarked what an astonishing advance it marks in Hollywood's willingness to admit what everyone knows. These vultures, as they are finally described, roost in a Washington hotel room while the Congress is preparing to plunge the country into a new war. They are assisted by an organization known as the Gray Shirts, ruled over by a half-crazed fanatic named Lincoln Lee but secretly financed by the oil magnate. Meanwhile the President, a kindly man who plays rummy and drinks a glass of stout before retiring, is off participating in the peace-loving ritual of graduation at West Point. When he returns to Washington he discovers that he has only a few true friends left in the world—his wife, a secretary, a Secret Service agent, and the boy who delivers the groceries at the White House. The next thing we learn is that the President has disappeared. He has apparently been kidnapped. A great deal of Secret Service melodrama, questioning of suspects, the imprisonment of Lincoln Lee, prayers for the missing Chief Executive at St. Patrick's serve to fill the gap before his recovery—in the basement of a nearby garage. Then it turns out that the whole thing has really been a hoax: the President, with the help of his friends, has arranged the kidnapping in order to hold up the declaration of war and give the country time to return to its senses.

It has seemed best to give such a long summary because any criticism of the picture that might be offered is included in the evident lack of reconciliation between its various plot elements. Lincoln Lee and his Gray Shirts are represented as criminal fanatics for no other reason than their excessive patriotism. But why is not the President subject to the same charge? Or, to put the question in a more disconcerting form, when is fascism criminal and when is it American? The President, speaking over the radio at the close of the film, makes a solemn promise of peace to the chastened nation. It is sincere, eloquent, convincing. But so also were the reasons for war advanced by the nasty gentlemen in the hotel bedroom—unemployment, frozen capital, closed markets. How can the President—in the picture, of course—keep his promise to the people and not ignore the formidable logic of the vultures? At the end it is the vultures who vanish, but one has the feeling that, like the President, they will return—and to the same old roost. The answer to this problem might provide the subject of another and possibly more interesting film; but it would require an approach quite different from the one Hollywood usually adopts in its occasional rompings in the politico-economic realm.

"The Captain Hates the Sea" is saved from being just another variation of the Grand Hotel pattern by the mood of disgust which pervades it from beginning to end. Walter Connolly, the foremost purveyor of this mood on the American stage, is the disgusted captain of a cruise ship bearing the most disgusting assortment of characters assembled in a single film this season. For some reason most of the roles are played with extraordinary verisimilitude: John Gilbert is wholly authentic as the unregenerate alcoholic and Helen Vinson is convincing as a lady thief disguised as a librarian. The private detective is as despicable a type as the crook whom he is engaged in tracking down. The dialogue is bright in the new Dashiell Hammett manner, and Lewis Milestone's direction glosses over the weaker stretches in the plot development. The film is smart, savagely funny, and altogether exact in its impression of the fatuity of first-cabin existence. It is not, in a word, likely to be recommended on the next bulletin of the League of Decency.

WILLIAM TROY